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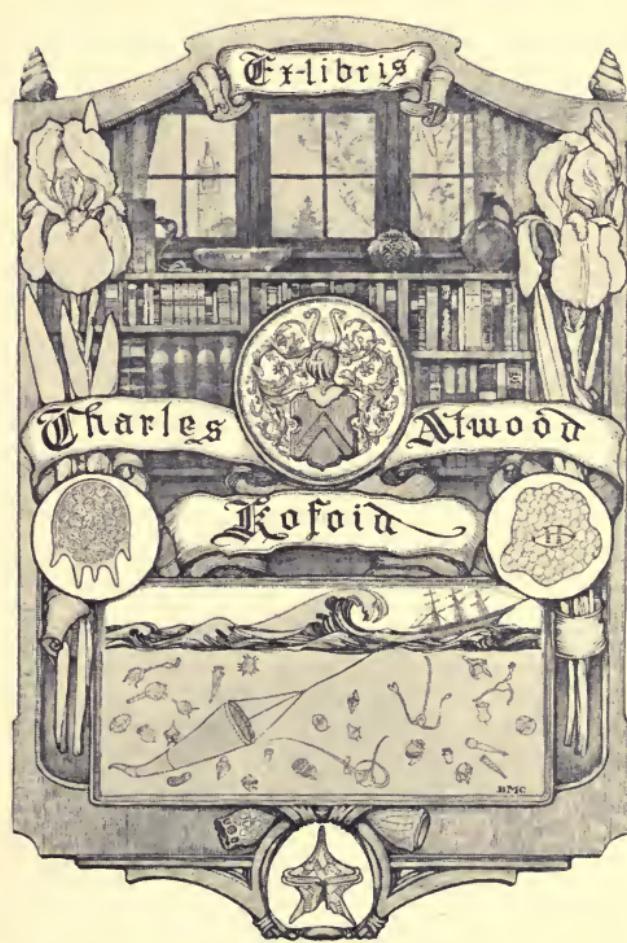
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A Southerner In Europe

CLARENCE H. POE



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A Southerner in Europe

BEING CHIEFLY SOME OLD WORLD
LESSONS FOR NEW WORLD NEEDS
AS SET FORTH IN FOURTEEN LETTERS
OF FOREIGN TRAVEL :: :: :: ::

BY

CLARENCE HAMILTON POE

Editor of The Progressive Farmer and Southern Farm Gazette,
and Joint Author of "Cotton: Its Cultivation,
Marketing, Manufacture, Etc."



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DEDICATION:

TO ALL ALERT-MINDED SOUTHERNERS

WHO FIND

LESSONS FOR OUR TIME IN THE HISTORY
OF OTHER TIMES, AND FOR OUR COUNTRY
IN THE EXPERIENCE OF OTHER COUNTRIES

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The fourteen newspaper letters which make up this little volume were not written with any thought of publishing them in book form. The demand from partial readers that they be published in this fashion, however, led to the printing of a considerable edition late in December of last year, and this edition having been quickly exhausted, the author and the publishers are glad to show their appreciation of public favor by bringing out this second edition in larger type and handsomer binding.

It is not unlikely that the author will later visit Japan, China, India, and South Africa, studying conditions in these countries, (especially the relations of the backward and the advanced races), with even more direct reference to Southern conditions than was attempted with regard to Europe in the purely journalistic letters of the present volume. A fuller announcement as to this plan will appear later.

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A Southerner in Europe.

I.

Back to the Old Ancestral Home: A Foreword.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Here I am in New York, and to-day our ship will start to take me across the broad Atlantic—morning, noon and night; morning, noon and night; and morning, noon and night again and again for eight days, possibly nine, with all the speed of throbbing and powerful engines, riding on the billows of an unfathomed sea, until the shores of old Scotland at last come into view.

Going across the ocean is not a matter of much moment now: accidents by sea are probably fewer in proportion to traffic involved than accidents by land, and the number of Southerners who go abroad is probably increasing three times as rapidly as the population.

But with all the ease of ocean travel now, I wonder how many start across without some thought of those three little barks that set out across the misty and mysterious deep from the little port of Palos in 1492—the first to dare the perils of the unknown?

Ever since the dawn of creation, through ages

and ages, æons and æons, the great Atlantic had lashed itself with furious storms, had wearied itself with never-resting billows—generations coming and going; empires rising and falling—while no man took up its perpetual challenge to search out the borders of its mighty realm. Centuries came and went, and yet it guarded its secret of a Newer World; the Indian on this side not even dreaming that the sun looked down on any other land, and the European held back by superstition and by dread from attempting to answer the sphinx-like riddle of the mighty waters.

Europe is Not a Foreign Country; It is Our Old Home.

This is one of the thoughts that come to mind as we join in now with “those that go down to the sea in ships”: that it is only in the last half-hour of human history, as it were, and only in the last minute of time, comparatively speaking, that man has brought the sea under his dominion, making it his servant to carry him from continent to continent.

Moreover, it is also only in the last half-hour of human history that there have been any white people in America. Europe isn’t really a foreign

country; it is our old home. This is the idea I should like especially to impress upon my readers; and it seems to me that in our educational system we make a mistake in dealing only with what these last three or four generations have done here in America and ignoring the long and weary upward course of civilization through centuries of European history—just as if a son inheriting a princely fortune and an ancient and honorable name should migrate to a new country and yet fail to teach his children anything of the struggles by which his ancestors had developed their sturdy virtues or acquired their broad possessions. Every liberty of which we boast, as Tom Watson points out in his "Story of France," was cradled in Europe; it was over there that martyrs bled for the rights that we enjoy to-day, and that patient generations slowly wrought out the principles of government which have made us a happy people.

And the Europeans Are All Our Kinsfolk.

Really, therefore, as I have indicated, I am going back to our old home—much as if the son or grandson of one of your uncles who went out to California in the gold-hunting days of '49 should come back now to see his relatives and the ancestral dwelling place.

These men and women of Europe to-day are all our kinsfolk, even if we have let the relationships become indistinct and uncertain. It was in most cases only some chance, accident or whim or, at most, some change of policy in government that caused our ancestors to come to America; with a slightly different turn of Fortune's wheel you and I to-day would be Europeans, too.

And, even as it is, we can not be indifferent to European history, nor find its pages meaningless for our times. Have you ever thought of it, that your ancestors—the men whose blood now courses in your veins—played some part in the whole mighty drama of the ages? When Cæsar conquered Gaul, your ancestors and mine, wild, ferocious men, heard somewhere the tramp of the Roman legions. In the struggle between the old gods of mythology and the new and strange religion of the Christ of Galilee, your ancestors and mine were ranged on one side or the other. When the days of the martyrs came, it was our blood that ran in the veins of those who suffered at the stake or of those who applied the burning torch. And as I look back through the dim centuries to where Peter the Hermit stands amid those strangely dressed men and women, preach-

ing a crusade for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, I know that my fathers and yours, either as mailed knights or as hard-featured and hard-living peasants, listened to the orator's fiery words and left home and loved ones to fight the hated Turk.

Through the nightmare of the Dark Ages, through the long years of feudal authority, in the bloody and fruitless wars that followed, what part did these kinsmen and kinswomen of ours play? There is the great castle with its towers and battlements—and, alas, with its dungeons too! Did your kinsfolk and mine know the sunnier side of life in the days when knighthood was in flower, or did they know only the peasant's bitter toil and dirty hovel, or perhaps torture and imprisonment itself?

Europe's Larger Perspective Shows That the World is Growing Better.

One thing at least a European trip and a survey of European history should do for a man—they ought forever to cure him of pessimism about the progress of the race. The curtain rises upon a stage of barbarism so fierce that the old Norse warriors on their forays are reported as finding

especial delight in tossing captive infants from spear's point to spear's point. The boasted glories of "the age of chivalry" become but a mockery when we recall that in its damp dungeons the limbs of innocent prisoners often rotted off, and that even the knightly vow to honor women applied only to those of gentle birth. We have to look back but a few centuries to the time when men thought they did God-service by burning to death all with whom they disagreed about religion.

And even existence itself in those days was hard and unlovely. So crude were the tools in use and so ineffectual the farm methods that even with good government the masses would have been in want such as no class of people in the South knows to-day: a thirteenth century writer, for example, reporting that the average harvest was only threefold the seed. But even this meager product was subject to grievous taxes to support more or less worthless kings and vicious courts until just prior to the French Revolution it is said that one-half of all the peasant earned was paid to the government in actual taxes, and that after paying the additional feudal dues and

church tithes, only one-fifth of his earnings was left him for the support of himself and family.

The Truth About "The Good Old Days."

The scroll of European history unrolled before one, one looks back, too, to the time when the lives of men and women were at the unquestioned disposal of lord or monarch; when at the nod of some one in authority your ancestor or mine perhaps was hurried away to wear out his life with cause untried in some loathsome dungeon, and when men thought it the natural thing to die in wars in which no one but the king himself had any interest.

Contrasting this picture with that of present-day American freedom, who can doubt the great truth uttered by Bishop Fitzgerald, that "the movement of humanity under the rule of an all-wise, all-gracious, all-loving God is forward, not backward?"

Two Big Facts to Keep in Mind.

It is these two or three thoughts, then, that I would have my readers keep in mind in connection with the articles that I shall write:

First, that we are ourselves the inheritors of the long years of old European history no less

than our kinsfolk who now live there: just as the son who moves away, no less than the son who stays at home, is the heir of all the family traditions that preceded his departure.

Second, that these English and German and Scotch and Dutch and French are our kinsfolk left at the old home, and that so large a part of the real history of our race has been made within their borders that American history really deals, as I have said, only with the last half-hour of human progress.

II.

Notes of Passage Across the Atlantic.

ON BOARD S. S. CALEDONIA, ANCHOR LINE.

This is the second day of July, so the menu card in the steamer dining room tells me, and so say all well-regulated calendars, but it doesn't seem right to put a July date-line over a letter when I have spent the morning with my winter coat on, my winter overcoat, and one blanket (steamer rug) securely wrapped around me, while the only thoroughly warm and comfortable moments spent in my steamer chair to-day were after a fellow-passenger had thrown a second blanket over me.

It's as cold here now as it is in the South in mid-November with cotton picking in the day-time and 'possum hunting at night: cold enough for late muscadines to be gone and for persimmons to be giving promise of the time for making 'simmon and locust beer again. I could hardly believe before I left home—not even when it was established out of the mouths of two or three witnesses—that I should need a heavy overcoat in crossing the ocean in July, but I find, in fact,

that the only thing more comfortable than one overcoat would be two overcoats.

In the Fogs Off the "Banks" of Newfoundland.

It's colder, of course, the way we have come: the "Northern route," as it is called, landing us in Scotland. After leaving New York we skirt the New England coast and keep to the northeast until we go through the "banks" off Newfoundland. This puts us so far north that the aurora borealis or "northern lights" are plainly visible, as they were here last night and the night before.

These "banks," as most readers know, are subject to terrible fogs, fogs so dense that vessels can be seen only a short distance away, so that if our steamer did not sound its fierce and terrible fog horn every four or five minutes for hours at a time sometimes, there would be serious danger of running into some small and unsuspecting fishing craft. It has been but a short time since such an accident did really occur here—a great steamer dashing through the mist upon a small fishing boat, with the result that seventeen men were knocked into the water and drowned before they could be rescued.

For two days now, however, we have seen no signs of life apart from our own boat—not a fishing smack nor a steamer nor any living thing except one or two seabirds. So far as ocular evidence goes, we might be the sole and solitary inhabitants of an ocean-covered planet.

"The Solitary Inhabitants of an Ocean-covered Planet."

And yet you would not think of this unless you did so deliberately: the steamer carries such a little world in itself that it seems self-sufficient; and somehow, too, the ocean in its every phase seems to breed a spirit of complacency and satisfaction such as the dry land nowhere knows. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters"—do they not seem to have in all cases a certain calm confidence and repose such as it would seem more natural to associate with the immovable majesty of the hills and the mountains?

On the ocean, too, time goes by with noiseless tread. We have now been on board five days and nights and have done nothing more exciting than eat and sleep (eating, with its three full and regular meals a day, and two or three other half-

way meals in the shape of tea, broth, cakes, sandwiches, etc., thrown in for good measure, is our principal occupation), except to play an occasional game of quoits or shuffleboard, walk the deck in the cool October breeze, or joke and prank with fellow-passengers. Still the time has passed all too quickly. Barring the time when seasickness holds you in thraldom, you would like a voyage of a month instead of a week; and not many of our passengers have been seriously seasick.

The Atlantic and the Pacific Contrasted.

Such is "life on the ocean wave" as I have found it thus far, my previous experience having been limited to occasional trips between Norfolk and New York, between Norfolk and Boston, and one brief trip on the Pacific between Los Angeles, Cal., and the ineffably beautiful and romantic Catalina Islands—a place where one's castles in Spain seem to shape themselves into reality and where Tennyson's lotus-eaters might well dream their lives away. Somehow the Atlantic, blustery, practical, commercial, seems to partake of the nature of the busy English, American and German peoples found on its borders, while the peaceful Pacific, with a thousand sleepy and easeful

islands dotting its sunny bosom, seems indeed to typify the spirit of the Orient with its dreamy religions and its slower and more easy-going nations.

Thus far on this trip we have not had a real storm such as the Atlantic in its more restless moods is capable of bringing to pass, but we have had about the usual quota of rough weather: high waves last night and this morning that showed us indeed how it feels to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep," while at other times the sea has been as smooth as a mill-pond.

A Prayer for "Our Gracious Sovereign, King Edward."

There are yet two more days before I can mail these notes; and before that time there will probably be others that I shall wish to add—some, for example, about my fellow-passengers, representing all parts of the United States and the uttermost parts of the earth, as far at least as Lucknow, India. A number of Scotch people are on board, and my first definite and clear-cut impression of having really left my home country came last Sunday when, in the Episcopal service in the music-room, prayer was made not

only for the President of the United States, but also for "our gracious sovereign, King Edward, Her Majesty Queen Alexandra," and for the Prince of Wales and the nobility of Great Britain.

III.

England and Scotland: A Fair Land Let Down Out of Heaven.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

I had intended writing more of my ocean trip, but that is ancient history now, and too many other beautiful and wonderful things have crowded upon my sight for me even to revive memories of that rarely beautiful night when the silvery crescent of the new moon in the clear sky above them glorified and seemingly enchanted the long and fancifully shaped cloud-lines ranged above the ocean's far horizon. Old castles seemed to be there with marvelous towers and battlements; mountain peaks and cathedral spires, too, while the beauty of the northern lights added a singular glory to the outlying edge of the great cloud-masses. But this was seeing in imagination only what I have since seen in reality, some impressions of which it is now my purpose to record.

The Spirit of the Writer's Letters.

And in the very beginning of these letters, let me ask the reader's pardon if what I write shall seem somewhat disjointed and unsymmetrical. A

traveler here sees so much, and in a hurried trip like mine has scenery and history and art and circumstance thrust upon him in such confusing variety that it is extremely difficult to bring order out of chaos, especially when writing must be done at odd moments and under untoward surroundings. Will my readers pardon me, therefore, if I attempt nothing more ambitious than a series of gossipy friendship letters about the things I see that interest me and that I think will interest them? And with this understanding I am ready to set out with my impressions of the Old World.

"Land of Brown Heath and Shaggy Wood."

Scotland, I shall not forget, was the first European country to greet my eye; nor can I believe that I shall find one of which I shall carry away a finer impression. It is no wonder that the Scotchman loves his country; no wonder that it was from Scotland that the lines came:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?

With its beautiful mountains, lakes, meadows, and rocky shore-line, it makes in its natural

scenery alone an irresistible appeal to our fancy and to our admiration; but far more effective is its claim upon our love and our interest when we look back upon the panorama of its thousand mighty years of history until now every tongue and land has been enriched by stories of Scottish romance and Scottish adventure.

I can hardly do better perhaps than to outline briefly the course of my travels up to this hour and then follow it up later with such comment as I may wish to make. On Sunday then, let me say, we landed in Glasgow; Monday we went to Ayr, the home of Robert Burns; Tuesday we went through the Trossachs country made famous in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, traveling partly by coach and partly by rail, ending the day with a visit to Stirling Castle; Wednesday we spent in Edinburgh; Thursday we visited Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford (the home of Sir Walter Scott), and went thence by rail to Wordsworth's lake country, a memorable seventeen-mile coaching trip from Keswick to Ambleside bringing us in late afternoon to our boat on Windermere; by its waters we spent last night, and this late Friday evening finds me writing this letter from Liverpool, England.

The very first and the most vivid impression made upon the traveler here, I believe, is that of the beauty of the country, the rural districts. Towns here look much like those in America—a little older, streets a little more crooked, more old buildings rich in historic associations. But between the country here and the country in America the difference is much more marked. I remember that Mr. C. S. Wooten said to me last winter, speaking of his trip abroad last summer: "England looks like a country just let down from Paradise. I didn't see a weed nor a gully nor a poor horse, sheep or cow in the whole country." And I am now prepared to vouch for his statement. True, I have seen a few weeds and one or two gullies, but in all my travel in Scotland and England thus far I have not seen more weeds or gullies than I have sometimes seen in a single ten-acre lot in America.

Scotland vs. Virginia.

A Virginia girl who stood beside me as the stone-fenced farm plats on the Scottish coast came into view, exclaimed at the beauty of the scene.

"Oh," I replied, "Virginia will look that way a hundred or two years from now when population becomes dense and farming good."

But her reply is worth recording and worthy of serious thought:

"The trouble is that we are wearing out the land and letting it wash away long before ever the dense population comes."

A Glimpse of English Farming.

Here in England it is very different. Every foot of land seems to have attention, intelligent attention, the fields being as carefully tended as our gardens, while the Scotch and English gardens themselves are models of beauty and excellence such as Americans do not even dream of. The fences enclosing the farms are nearly all of stone, or else hedges; stone walls line every road; railway tracks are bordered with shrubbery; the public highways are all of macadam and kept in constant repair, while the meanest houses are so neat and so beautified by lawn, hedge, shrub and flower that you can hardly think of the inmates as being poor at all. A frame house is almost never seen. The stone fences cross hill, meadow, and even climb the mountainsides, and add a touch of picturesqueness to the landscape which nothing else could quite replace. Every home, too, has a wealth of beautiful flowers, and vege-

tables are cultivated much more extensively and in much greater variety than with us.

If I could choose but one of England's points of superiority as a gift for my own country, however, I believe I should take her good roads. With such beautiful highways, innumerable other good things would be added to us. No one could ever think of putting up a ramshackle cabin alongside such roads, and in a thousand ways they would stimulate and hasten the development of our people and of our resources.

Among the Haunts of Robbie Burns.

I shall never forget how through the fog the rocky coast of Scotland gradually came into view last Sunday morning, and how I thought, "For the first time in my life I gaze upon land which white men knew five hundred years ago!" Nor can I ever forget my first set trip into Scottish territory, this being my visit to Ayr, the birthplace of the poet Burns, on Monday last. Leaving out of consideration its usual Scotch neatness and cleanliness, I doubt whether any reader of mine now lives in a humbler home than that in which the immortal Scotch poet first saw the light of day. A low-roofed stone house thatched

with straw, you enter one room and pass into the next, finding it divided into stalls for the cattle and sheep; then the two adjoining rooms—on the same ground floor—were those of the Burns family.

“ ‘Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay,
One door shuts out the sun and storm,
One window greets the day;
And yet I stand within this room,
And hold all thrones in scorn
For here beneath this lowly thatch
Love’s sweetest bard was born.”

We rambled by “the banks and braes of bonnie Doon,” we crossed the “auld brig,” and we followed the line of Tam O’Shanter’s famous ride, looking into the broken walls of Alloway Kirk where he saw the ghostly dance. The “auld Kirk” dates back to the year 1145, and the bell which, still unbroken, surmounts its crumbling walls had stood the storms of nearly four hundred winters.

Environment of Scott, Burns and Wordsworth.

It may not be unwise just at this point to anticipate my narrative just a little and comment on the homes of two other poets—Scott and

Wordsworth—which I have seen since visiting Ayr. Scott's beautiful and even lordly home at Abbotsford, overlooking the Tweed, is a treasure-house of Scottish historical relics: coats-of-arms, swords, suits of armor, blunderbusses, etc., etc. About Wordsworth's country I shall always remember most vividly how the clouds wrapped its low mountain peaks in mist, and how more nearly than anywhere else I have observed (except in our very highest American mountains) heaven and earth seemed there to meet.

Having seen the rustic and lowly home of Burns, I shall always better understand how the inspired Scottish ploughman sang songs with the smell of the soil about them; having seen Scott's home and its numberless illustrations of his tireless energy in collecting Scotch historical relics, I shall always think of it in connection with his great works of fiction; while I must think that a man born in Wordsworth's country, as I have seen it, is predestined to be an intense lover of nature. I am especially glad that at sunset last night I saw the ever low-lying clouds envelop the summit of one of the mountains on which Words-

worth loved to gaze; and after such a scene I shall always find greater pleasure in his lines:

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life’s Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.”

It is easy about Windermere to “look up through Nature to Nature’s God,” and the “trailing clouds of glory” never seem to be very far away.

IV.

England's Cities, People, and Postal System.

CHESTER, ENGLAND.

I wrote last in Liverpool, and before going further it may be well to say a word about that famous English city. It is of most interest to Southerners because of its relation to our cotton industry, and it was fitting therefore that of all places in it we should first visit the Cotton Exchange.

We found it, upon the occasion of our visit, somewhat less tumultuous than we have usually found the New York Cotton Exchange, but at times the English bidding grew quite exciting. January and February futures were selling at fractions above "fivepence" (ten cents) when we were in Liverpool, and cables from New York evidently had an important bearing upon prices offered.

A Vivid Impression of Differences in Time.

It is of interest to record, by the way, that though we were at the Liverpool Exchange well in the afternoon, it was at that time so early in the day in New York that New York cables were

just beginning to come in, while it was still later in the afternoon that cablegrams from New Orleans, still further west than New York, began to come in. One section of the Liverpool Exchange is devoted to trading in Egyptian cotton, cablegrams from Alexandria, Egypt, keeping English buyers informed as to the course of prices in the African market. Of course, this interest here, however, is only a side line, as it were, to the dominant interest in the American staple, and even a rumor of "hot winds in Texas," such as was exciting the Liverpool Exchange on the day of our visit, has its effect on the market.

Cotton "the Most Barbarously Handled Commercial Product in the World."

We were also interested in seeing the condition in which American cotton arrives in Liverpool, and no one who once sees the plight in which the great Southern farm product reaches the English spinner can fail to agree with Edward Atkinson in pronouncing cotton "the most barbarously handled commercial product in the world." Not only do the bales look ragged, dirty, beggarlike, and generally disreputable, but the actual loss and waste in handling is nothing less than enor-

mous and a serious reflection upon the sound sense and business ability of Southern planters. A glance at a wagon-load of American cotton as it is hauled down an English street is enough to make any Southerner an advocate of better baling methods. Cotton from India or Egypt arrives in immeasurably better condition, and I am told that, other things being equal, manufacturers here prefer the foreign cotton for this reason.

Liverpool and the Slave Trade.

Liverpool is also of peculiar interest to Southerners because it was long a center of the slave-trading industry. England did not finally prohibit the slave trade until 1807 (America in 1789 had fixed the year 1808 as the time when the nefarious traffic should end with us), and even in 1807 the Liverpool merchants protested hardly less vigorously than they had done a generation before against this interference with their "commercial rights." It was England, as John Richard Green points out, that introduced slavery into the West Indies and America—a Pandora's box of unnumbered evils from which even Hope itself sometimes seems to have been excluded. Let it also be mentioned in this connection that

when England came to the abolition of slavery in her West India colonies in the 30's, she paid the owners for their loss. Would God that North and South in America had been wise enough (as Lincoln wished) to settle their slavery trouble in the same way!

How Internal Improvements Saved Glasgow.

Somewhat larger than Liverpool is Glasgow, Scotland, where we first landed, but of which I have said but little until now. Glasgow is a fine illustration of the fact that the prosperity of a town depends not so much upon its natural resources as upon the progressiveness of its people. Fifty years ago the Clyde River at Glasgow was only 180 feet wide and three feet deep. By spending \$35,000,000 in deepening and broadening it (it is now 500 feet wide) Glasgow has put itself in the forefront of European seaports and has made itself the greatest British city except London.

Our Southern folk would do well to take the example of Glasgow to heart and redouble their energies in behalf of all well-conceived plans for inland waterways and other internal improvements.

There is one thing about these Scotch and English towns that can not fail to impress itself upon any thoughtful visitor, and that is the similarity of the surnames to those common throughout our Southern country. It is the most striking illustration I have yet found of the oft-repeated statement that the South is now the most thoroughly Anglo-Saxon part of America. Walk down any business street in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Chester or any other English or Scotch town that I have seen, and on the signs you will see in most cases names so common in your own town or county that you can hardly believe yourself in a foreign country, while the surnames you would find displayed in a business street in Boston or New York are strangely foreign and unfamiliar to a Southern traveler. I venture the prediction that any Southerner can walk down the main streets of Glasgow or Liverpool and find five times as many familiar names as he would find in a similar area on Broadway, New York.

And it's a good stock of folk with which to claim kin—these English and Scotch. It's very foolish and very harmful for jingoes to try to stir up bad feeling between England and America. We belong to the same great family, our ideals

are mainly the same, and the two nations should work together in furthering those ideals throughout the wide world.

English Royalty a Lifeless, Make-Believe Formalism.

Too many of our people are given to saying that England is a kingdom and the United States a republic; therefore to praise England's system of government is political heresy. The truth is, that the English system is, in many respects, more democratic than the American, royalty here being nothing more nor less than an emasculated and perfectly harmless piece of "make-believe" formalism which the people, amusing themselves, have chosen to perpetuate since it does no harm and costs no great deal to maintain. Not only is it true that the "King's speech," which comes nominally from him at the opening of each Parliament, is written for him by the popular ministry and the King himself can not change a word in it, but the people even show a disposition to have their own way about the social affairs of royalty—the only remaining phase of English life in which the King is really King at all.

It was only last week that an incident happened

vividly illustrating this fact. The Labor and Socialist Party has been gaining strength rapidly here in recent years, and now has thirty members in Parliament. Well, one of these thirty had attacked King Edward so bitterly that when the King gave a reception to the House of Commons a few days ago this Socialist member was not invited, and the upshot is that the English press and people criticise the King so vigorously that the discrimination is not likely to be repeated. My recollection is, that President Roosevelt, of our country, some time ago refused to invite Senator Tillman to a similar function without exciting half so much ado.

Nearly as Many Voters as in America.

There are also practically as many voters in proportion to population here in England as in America: here one inhabitant in every six is a voter and in America one in every five. More than this, England has the Australian ballot system, as every American State should have, both in primary and in regular elections (with special provision for illiterates); and bribery in elections, direct or indirect, is checked by well-conceived legislation.

America might also well take lessons from

England in the matter of civil service reform and municipal government. Public ownership of street railways, waterworks, etc., is common in the cities, and, while I do not know about water rates, I do know that street car fares are only about half as much as in America.

Efficiency of the English Post-Office.

Especially useful to the English people is the post-office, which has here reached a degree of efficiency in public service in comparison with which our American post-office system shows to decidedly poor advantage. But as we came abroad ten years ago (at Tom Watson's suggestion) and grafted the European idea of rural mail delivery upon our post-office system, perhaps we shall some time force Congress into giving us the parcels post and postal savings bank also. Going down the street in Windermere Friday morning, I was struck by the sign:

POST-OFFICE FOR MONEY ORDERS, SAVINGS
BANK, PARCELS POST, TELEGRAMS, IN-
SURANCE, ANNUITY, INTERNAL AND
REVENUE STAMPS.

Nor does this sign exaggerate the business done by any common English post-office. The

government owns the telegraph here and the rate is one cent a word, with a minimum charge of twelve cents, the telegraph offices being run in connection with the post-offices. On press telegrams the rate is only one-fourth cent a word, and provision is made that rural mail carriers shall handle all prepaid telegrams left in mail boxes. Over the telephone business the government also exercises supervision and "constructs private telegraph and telephone lines on rental terms," as the official announcement explains.

How the Parcels Post Works in England.

The parcels post and the postal savings bank especially interest me, as I believe we should lose no time in adopting these invaluable improvements in America. Any package not over eleven pounds in weight, or three feet six inches in length, may be taken to a post-office here and sent by parcels post to any part of Great Britain upon these charges:

- One pound or less, 6 cents.
- Between 1 and 2 pounds, 8 cents.
- Between 2 and 3 pounds, 10 cents.
- Between 5 and 7 pounds, 14 cents.
- Between 7 and 8 pounds, 16 cents.
- Between 8 and 9 pounds, 18 cents.
- Between 9 and 10 pounds, 20 cents.
- Between 10 and 11 pounds, 22 cents.

An examination of the official rates would indicate, too, that not only may parcels be sent within Great Britain at these rates, but packages may be sent from here to almost any part of the habitable world as cheaply as they may be sent from one county seat to the next in America. And yet our American Congress, session after session, has refused to heed the growing popular demand for the parcels post service.

John Wanamaker, when Postmaster-General, wisely declared that the two greatest reasons why we have no parcels post are: (1) the Adams Express Company, and (2) the American Express Company. Some time, however, the people are going to bring such pressure to bear upon our Solons at Washington that these giant corporations will no longer be allowed to stand in the way of the needs of the people in this matter; and our farmers, by vigorous action, may do much to speed the day.

*The Postal Savings Bank and Government
Insurance.*

Of no less value is the Postal Savings Bank and its allied features. Anybody (even children over seven years of age) can go to any post-office here

and open up a savings account, depositing twenty-five cents or more at the time, 2 1-2 per cent interest a year being allowed on all deposits, and the government of Great Britain guaranteeing the safety of the funds. Deposits may be made or withdrawn at any post-office, no matter where you are, if you have your deposit book with you. No one may deposit more than \$1,000 in this way, but, after the \$1,000 mark is passed, the depositor may invest in interest-bearing government stock.

At each post-office, too, the government calls attention to its life insurance provisions, which are virtually a feature of the postal savings bank department. You may take out insurance that will (1) pay you so much a year until death, or (2) after ten years, or (3) after twenty years from beginning, or (4) at the ages of 55, 60 or 65, or (5) at death.

V.

Glimpses of English Life and Customs.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

My last letter, I believe, ended with some comment upon the government of England. One thing that interests foreigners in this connection is how the government maintains itself in a free trade country without imposing excessive property taxes.

Be it remembered, then, that England is not without tariff taxes, but there are few of these, and nearly all these few are levied on luxuries or semi-luxuries. Remembering how notable a part the tea tax played in our early Revolutionary history in America, it is of interest to see that within her own borders England has maintained this heavy tariff until now the government collects \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 a year from this source alone, and nearly \$75,000,000 a year from the tariff on tobacco and snuff. The excise or whiskey taxes bring in \$150,000,000 a year more, and there are also special income and inheritance taxes, and taxes upon the gross earnings of railways, except where the rate is less than two cents a mile.

The inheritance tax, it will be recalled, is one which President Roosevelt has recently commended to the attention of Americans. Over here an estate exceeding \$500 in value pays a government tax of 1 per cent; \$2,500, 2 per cent; \$5,000, 3 per cent; \$50,000, 4 per cent; and so on up to \$500,000, which pays 6 per cent, and \$5,000,000, which pays 8 per cent. There are also special graduated taxes in case property goes to persons not near of kin, amounting to 10 per cent where the property goes to persons very far removed in kinship, or not of blood relationship at all. There are also special stamp taxes of many kinds, and special Boer War taxes now (similar to our Spanish-American War taxes) which require stamps on checks and upon all receipted bills.

Woman Suffrage a Live Issue.

There is a considerable party here which favors the establishment of a protective tariff, this sentiment gaining strength, in part, from the unfair methods of American monopolies competing for British trade. Socialism has also been making marked growth among the working classes for a number of years past.

Just at this writing, however, the liveliest political

issue is woman suffrage. For a long time the women of England who are taxpayers have had the privilege of voting for city and county officers, and they are now fighting earnestly for the privilege of voting for members of Parliament. In a number of cases the woman suffrage advocates have grown so riotous in their meetings as to make it necessary for the police to interfere. When indicted, however, the women agitators refuse to pay the fines imposed, going to jail instead, and then they make a great ado about being "martyrs" to the cause of equal suffrage.

If the woman suffrage idea prevail, the privilege of voting will be given, of course, only to women who are taxpayers ("ratepayers" they are called here) or householders (that is, widows or others who are heads of houses).

A Temperance Demonstration in Hyde Park.

Another very live subject is the temperance question, which reminds me that the most powerful temperance argument I have ever witnessed was in Chester depot the other day when an old gray-haired woman was attacked both by her husband and her own half-drunken son. The officers interfered and drove off the men, while the weeping woman sobbed piteously in broken

Lancashire dialect: "They makes six pounds (\$30) a week, but never a farthing (half-cent) do they give me: it all goes for drink, drink."

All parts of Great Britain are liquor-cursed, and whiskey, as I have intimated, is especially the bane of Scotland, where many fear that it is almost hopelessly sapping the strength of one of the finest races of people in the world. But the Scottish Temperance League and other organizations are making a brave fight against the evil, while here in London yesterday I saw a temperance procession "terrible as an army with banners," a mile and a half long, marching into Hyde Park where the immense audience (made up chiefly of working people) was addressed from eight different stands by a great variety of speakers. For nearly two hours the thousands of spectators listened and cheered and laughed, ending by adopting vigorous resolutions in behalf of the "Licensing Bill" which Parliament is now beginning to consider.

What the Licensing Bill Provides.

In explanation of this licensing bill a word or two should be said. In England saloons are called "public houses," and their managers "pub-

licans." Many years ago licenses to conduct these "public houses" were granted rather promiscuously, and it has been the custom of the authorities to renew these licenses from year to year without further inquiry. Now, however, it is proposed to limit the number of saloons, and the provisions of the licensing bill would, I believe, decrease the number in London by half—and half means many thousand.

The licensing bill also looks (1) to the adoption of local option; (2) to prohibiting the sale of liquor to children; (3) to the ultimate prohibiting of women as bar-maids. There are now nearly 30,000 women employed as bartenders in England, and the most serious phase of the liquor problem is the growth of intemperance among women, especially among working girls. Drinking is said to be stationary (or possibly actually decreasing) among the masses of English men, but increasing among English women and among the wealthy and leisure class of both sexes. A friend of mine spoke to me of seeing a great number of apparently respectable women drinking in the saloons in Chester a few nights ago, and in Glasgow women are often seen reeling from saloon doors.

It is high time for England to be doing something to save herself, and the great temperance procession in Hyde Park yesterday was one of the most encouraging things I have seen over here. I was also gratified to find the recent record of the United States held up as an example and incentive for English action. In all cases the arguments for and against the licensing bill are strikingly like the arguments for and against State prohibition in our Southern States, with which we are all so familiar. There is the same specious appeal to "the poor man," arguing that the bill will leave it easy for the rich to get liquor but make it hard for the poor man; and the same cry of "confiscation" because the government would refuse to continue some licenses. But a big-bodied, keen-witted Irish cabman whom I heard address the Hyde Park meeting yesterday answered both these arguments, and made an especial appeal to working men and women, his hearers, in the declaration that when you buy a farm product 30 per cent of the purchase-money goes for labor; clothing, 25 per cent; iron and steel goods, 23 per cent; coal, 55 per cent; while when whiskey is bought, *only seven per cent* of the purchase price goes to labor.

To-day the House of Commons takes up the licensing bill, and thirty days will be devoted to its discussion. The whiskey interests will make a desperate and conscienceless struggle, and already there is growing evidence of the truth of Lord Roseberry's declaration that "if the State does not soon control the whiskey traffic, the whiskey traffic will control the State." And England is going to control the traffic.

The Question of Old Age Pensions.

Other notable political measures now up for discussion and action in England are the education act and the old age pension measure. The bill for old age pensions has already passed the House of Commons, and it is not believed that the House of Lords will dare turn it down. The bill in its present shape provides that the government shall pay to all persons over sixty years of age the sum of five shillings (\$1.20) a week, unless such persons have an income of over ten shillings (\$2.40) a week from other sources. In such cases the government pension will be only enough to make a total of fifteen shillings, or \$3.60. The education act now under consideration is for the purpose of relieving the present discontent among

non-Episcopalians who are protesting from one end of England to the other against the control of many of the public schools by the Episcopal clergy.

What Education Has Done for Great Britain.

And, while speaking of schools, let me mention education as the great source of English and Scotch greatness. It has long been a saying that "education has made Scotland," and the support that Scotch Presbyterians have given the cause of education in America is a matter in which they justly take pride.

Even the cabmen here read the newspapers almost as carefully as business men in America would do. And I have been impressed by the number of monuments which record the dead man's services to public education as his strongest claim upon the regard of posterity. Over in the old town of Stirling in Scotland I recall how a tablet in Greyfriars Church records the fact that "Alexander Cunningham, merchant in Stirling, to extend the inestimable blessings of education, bequeathed, A. D. 1809, £4,000 (\$20,000) to be expended in maintaining, clothing and educating poor boys" there, while another memorial alongside is "to the memory of John Allen, writer

in Stirling, mortgaging, A. D. 1735, the sum of 30,000 marks, by which hundreds of young men have been able to advance themselves and to fill situations in life which their lot seemed to forbid." In Liverpool, too, you find the same idea in the striking monuments to James Nugent, bearing the legend, "Save the boy," while the significant inscription on the monument to Major Lester reads: "Give the child a fair chance." Democratic England to-day understands full well that—

"Princess and lords may flourish or may fade:
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

An Insidious Lowering of Our Standards of Living.

An intelligent laboring class is the backbone of any country, and in this England is strong. There are no negroes here, of course, the entire serving class being white. And their neatness, cleanliness, quickness and intelligence are some of the things which impress themselves most deeply upon the Southern traveler. Nowhere in the country districts here have I seen the signs of shiftlessness—broken gates, gullied fields, neg-

lected tools, shackly outhouses, unpainted and ill-kept residences—which mar the landscape in so many country districts in the South. A house here may have only two or three rooms, but its neatness makes it a joy forever, and the fields look like the work of landscape gardeners: all Scotland between Edinburgh and Glasgow seems to be almost as neat as our capitol squares, and England is hardly less beautiful.

I bear no ill will toward our negroes, but it is impossible to escape the conclusion that their ignorance and shiftlessness have not only held back the South in a thousand ways, but their carelessness has provided a lower level for indifferent white people to fall to. Nowhere else do you find white people content to live in such ugly homes and with such unpromising farms as often meet our vision in the South, and I think it partially explained by the fact that the negro, taken fresh from Africa, has lowered our ideals and standards of living in a certain insidious fashion from which these European countries have fortunately been exempt.

“Everybody Works, Including Father.”

Another way in which the difference between intelligent white labor and shiftless negro labor

makes itself felt is in the different attitude toward work itself. People here in England do not seem to regard any work that comes to hand as being "beneath them." Over in Leamington the other day the man who joined his wife in waiting on our table, and who brought the water to my room, was a man of such intelligence that I should guess him to be a minister; a man with the bearing of a gentleman and a man whose wide knowledge of politics and history made it a pleasure to talk with him. It was much the same way in Glasgow, so that at sight of the head man of the house removing plates from the table, one of our party well remarked: "In England everybody works, including father."

Most of the smaller hotels seem to be run by women; women work largely in the fields, and in the stores women, I believe, are even more numerous than in America. The women are less beautiful than in the South, but have fine, rosy complexions and healthy bodies. The young girls seem to be slower in "coming out," wear childish clothes at a later age, and I have seen a number of girls eighteen or twenty years old wearing their hair in plaits. One hideous custom among English women of the more careless sort is that

of cigarette smoking. Among men generally, on the other hand, I should say that there is not one-third so much smoking as among American men. The "soft drink" habit is not found here at all, and I haven't seen a drug store soda-water fountain since I left America.

The Neglected H's.

Concerning the speech of the people, everybody knows, of course, of the Englishman's predilection for dropping his H's. "It was 'ot, so 'ot," said a fellow-traveler speaking to me yesterday of the weather two weeks ago (though I haven't gone a day without my overcoat since I left America), and your coarser Englishman says "'ouse," not house, and "'orse," not horse. Another curious pronunciation is sounding "y" for "a," as "lydy," instead of "lady." "The gyte is right stryte before you," said a man to me Friday, meaning "gate" and "straight." But the people are all wonderfully polite. "Thank you" is always on the tip of the tongue, and I confess to a liking for the English habit of saying frankly, "I'm sorry," where an American would say, "Beg pardon."

There is a certain dignity about even the signs in public places. Thus, you do not see at Oxford,

"Keep Off the Grass," but "Please Not to Walk on the Grass." In a printed hotel notice at Lakeside I read that "The proprietor respectfully intimates that" so and so may be done.

Another matter of interest to me has been the Scripture motto verses one so often finds in his bedroom, and the taste with which rooms are decorated, especially notable being the excellent taste shown in the selection of pictures.

On the old tombstones, moreover, a curious custom is that of giving the occupation of the deceased person. Thus in Glasgow you read of merchants, sail-makers, teachers, etc. In the churchyard of Melrose Abbey there are epitaphs of "tenants" and "gardeners," while an inscription I copied at Ayr, alongside that of Robert Burns's father, reads as follows:

"William Croslie, Sr., Farmer,
Died at Brockloch, 2 August,
1882, Aged 91; and
Marian Cornochan, His Spouse,
Died 5 May 1870, Aet., 70."

Why Railway Accidents Are Fewer.

And while I am giving this running sketch of miscellaneous matters, I must not fail to say a word about the English railways, which are in

many respects radically different from those in America. For one thing the cars are not open lengthwise, but on the side, and all the people in a car do not ride together, but in compartments or divisions, each of which seats six or eight persons. There are first, second and third-class rates, third-class rates being, I believe, less than two cents a mile, and accommodations better than on first-class cars in the Southern States. The trains are practically never behind time.

But of all differences in favor of the English system, that which most impresses me is the fact that no railroad here can run its track on a level across a public road. Usually the road is built up on either side, a bridge is put up, and the railroad track runs underneath. This is one reason, no doubt, why accidents are so much rarer on English than on American roads.

To the famous towns, castles, battle-fields and other historic spots I have visited in Scotland and England a separate and special article must be devoted, and these will be considered in our next letter.

VI.

Among Castle Walls and Palaces Old in Story.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

In my last letter I promised to give this time some impressions of the historic and notable places I have visited in Scotland and England.

This, therefore, I now set out to do, beginning at Stirling (thirty-six miles from Edinburgh). For it was as I went over the ancient moat-bridge into the gigantic gates of Stirling Castle, and thought of its more than thousand years of checkered and stirring memories, that I first felt the subtle atmosphere of the Middle Ages and the mystic spell of the long-gone days of knighthood and of chivalry.

Stirling Castle With Its Thousand Years of History.

Here for the first time I saw a great mediæval castle with its massive stone walls and frowning battlements and towers, standing out upon its lofty eminence above all the surrounding country: secured in the front by moat and drawbridge (with a trapdoor at the entrance on the titanic

outer walls), and then by two or three inner walls, while from the rear a rugged and precipitous stone ascent of sixty feet guards the approach to the ancient fortress.

And Stirling has a history worthy of its lofty eminence and this isolated grandeur. It looks out upon one of the most beautiful and upon one of the most historic views in all Great Britain. The battle-field of Bannockburn is before you here, and Stirling Bridge of course, and yet another battle-field—Cambuskenneth—in which Scots and Picts fought each other six hundred and fifty years before Columbus discovered the New World.

It is when you come upon facts like these that you begin to realize that the annals of America indeed deal only with the last half-hour of human history. This very Stirling Castle, for example, was taken by Edward I of England in 1304, more than three hundred years before the first white man set foot upon Jamestown soil, and ten years later the famous Scotch chieftain, Bruce, recaptured it. It was at Stirling that Lord Darnley courted Mary, Queen of Scots, and it was here that James I, who was King of England when the first permanent English settlements were made in

America, was christened and crowned, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon.

Days of Blood and Crime No Less Than of Romance and Chivalry.

Stirling Castle, too, at the very first brings you face to face with the tragedy as well as with the romance of the old, old days. Not only does the terrible dungeon—its opening a mere hole in the ground twelve feet down before you enter the dark grim caverns in which captive enemies or suspects went to the torment of a living death—not only, I say, does this foul dungeon cast a shadow upon the rosy pictures we like to paint of “the age of chivalry,” but Stirling and almost every other castle in Great Britain has its story of crime, involving one or more figures well known in history.

At Stirling they still show you the room where King James I stabbed and killed the Earl of Douglas five hundred and fifty years ago.

In Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh I saw the little room where Rizzio, secretary to Mary, Queen of Scots, was murdered by Darnley and others—and but a few months later Bothwell, having plotted with the Queen for the murder of Darnley, here married her himself.

In Edinburgh Castle near by I saw the old banqueting hall where in 1440 the young Douglasses were invited to a great dinner only to see the black bull's head—the symbol of death—put before them on the banquet table, after which they were dragged away and beheaded. Here, too, Oliver Cromwell and others met in 1648 and discussed the necessity for executing Charles I; and Edinburgh Castle also has a connecting link with the murder of Macbeth in that the St. Margaret's Chapel here was built by the wife of the Malcolm of Shakespeare's play.

Kenilworth Castle, of which only picturesque ruins now remain, of course calls to mind the alleged murder of his wife by Earl Leicester as told in Scott's famous novel.

And the Bloody Tower of London, I need not mention, is famous for the horrible crimes of which it has been the scene. At its very portals you pass the spot where the young princes were smothered by Richard III four hundred years ago; and among those who languished in prison here before finding death from a headsman's axe were Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII and mother of Elizabeth; Lady Jane Grey and her husband (beheaded because of their claims upon the throne), and Sir Walter Raleigh.

With the memory of these terrible crimes fresh upon me—committed in most cases by Kings and Queens claiming to rule “by the grace of God”—it is easy to see how far we have come from the time when men and women with human blood upon their hands could sit undisturbed upon the world’s greatest thrones. And having also stood but a few days ago upon the spot in Oxford where Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were burned at the stake for conscience’ sake (while remembering that God has put us of this generation upon a time when the whole world enjoys religious liberty), should I not be a blind pessimist indeed did I not believe that—

“through the ages one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process
of the suns?”

This is the best age that the world has ever known, and to-morrow will be better than to-day. It is a good thing to come to Europe and get that historical perspective which makes for faith like this. Not only have public morals improved, but life itself is infinitely richer and nobler now than ever before. The plain Southern farmer to-day may live in greater comfort than the lords and

ladies of the castle in the so-called “brave days of old.”

There are eddies and cross-currents in the stream of human history, and sometimes the “back waters” of reaction from the furious main current; but always the dominant movement is toward good: of this we may be sure. Here in the British Museum a day or two ago I looked with interest and with reverence upon the original copies of the Magna Charta, that great corner stone of our English liberties, and reflected upon the long, hard-fought, and yet unretreating struggle through which the idea of “liberty, equality and fraternity” has since fought its way toward that “one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.”

The Majestic Figure of Oliver Cromwell.

I was glad to come to England as much as anything else for the privilege of making pilgrimage to the shrines of some of the men whose work in history or literature has evoked my admiration.

No single incident of the trip thus far, therefore, has pleased me more than the special privilege given me at Warwick Castle of putting on

my head the helmet of Oliver Cromwell; and in Westminster Hall it was Cromwell's figure that was most in my mind: Cromwell, with patience exhausted, coming upon England's unprofitable servants, who had dilly-dallied so long about weighty matters, and driving the miscalled Parliament from its halls. I can hear him now, the stern-visaged and purposeful Puritan and man of iron, speaking in the language of the Bible as he did at Dunbar and as he does in the letter from him which I saw here in London the other day. Defiantly he recounts the follies of the Parliament: resolutely at last he drives them before him. "Your hour is come," he proclaims, "the Lord hath done with you." That day Cromwell was master of England, "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth," ruling with the power of a Cæsar even if without a Cæsar's ambition or selfishness: and yet it was but a few years later that the returning monarchy had his body rudely torn from the grave and his head put upon the gables of this same Westminster Hall!

But Cromwell's story proves afresh that the sure verdict of history may always be awaited with calm confidence—as true in the long run as that the polar needle, temporarily disturbed by

some unusual attraction, will yet inevitably return and swing true again to the unchanging north star. Nine years ago a great assemblage met here by Westminster Hall again, and a life-size statue of Cromwell was unveiled—the monument having the additional distinction of being placed within the enclosed court of England's Parliament—and a mighty nation uncovered its head in reverence to Cromwell's memory.

Shall not some time our own America itself, grown wiser, pay a like tribute in our Capitol at Washington to Lee and to Jackson, and to others of like grandeur of spirit who fought on the losing side in the other great civil struggle of an English-speaking nation?

The Graves of Wesley, Watts and Bunyan.

Sunday morning I was glad to see John Milton's old church; his grave is in the chancel, and this, by the way, is the same church in which Oliver Cromwell was married. We also went to the Wesley Chapel where John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism, preached in the later years of his life, assisted by his famous poet brother, Charles Wesley, the author of so many familiar hymns. John Wesley died in the little

house beside the chapel, and his mother, Susan-nah Wesley (mother of seventeen or nineteen children, I have forgotten which number) is buried in the Bunhill burying grounds just across the way, as is also Isaac Watts, no less famous than Charles Wesley as a hymn writer, John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress," and Daniel Defoe, whose "Robinson Crusoe" has been the delight of every generation of boys that has grown up since its publication.

Carlyle is another one of my heroes, and I was glad to go out to Chelsea and see the house where he died—just as I was glad to see a typical letter of his regretting his then seemingly fruitless search for a publisher for "Sartor Resartus" and referring to some man as provoking his admiration "because he is a man, a real *man*, and not a mere *clothes-horse*."

Historic Places in London.

London is full of just such historic places. Not far from St. James's palace we saw the house where Byron "woke up to find himself famous"; in Chelsea we saw the homes of George Eliot, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the artist Turner; near Whitehall is the place where Charles I was

beheaded; the house given to the Duke of Wellington by the English people (just as Americans gave a house to Admiral Dewey) is pointed out; in the crypt of St. Paul's are the tombs of Wellington and Nelson; and in Westminster Abbey those of Chaucer, Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, William Pitt, William E. Gladstone, besides numerous English monarchs, including Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary and the royal Edwards and Henrys. In Westminster Abbey we also saw the coronation chairs in which all the Kings of England have been crowned here since Edward I; and in the Bloody Tower the crowns of the King and Queen, sparkling masses of the costliest jewels, are shown to the public.

Stratford, Oxford and Chester.

Writing this much, however, has only served to convince me of the impossibility of giving within the limits of a newspaper article any adequate description of the many towns and places here in which mighty men have wrought mighty deeds, blessing not only the little island of Great Britain, but the whole wide world, and especially the great English-speaking peoples of the United States and Canada.

There is the beautiful little town of Stratford-

on-Avon where we saw the humble cottage in which Shakespeare was born, and his burial place in the church, with the famous epitaph, "Curst be he that moves my bones"; there is Oxford with its famous University, and its rich heritage of splendid names—Blackstone, Raleigh, Wesley, Samuel Johnson, Wellington, Peel, Ruskin and many others; there is Chester with its famous Cathedral and its nearly nineteen hundred years of known history, Roman ruins here still telling the story of its beginnings as a Roman camp sixty-one years after the birth of Christ—so short a time after the crucifixion that an historical novelist might imagine as transferred hither some of the very soldiers who represented the imperial Cæsar upon Golgotha's hill. Or with the unquestioned historical fact of Charles I watching from Chester walls the defeat of his forces at Marston Moor, the same novelist might wonder if the proud monarch dreamed here of the headsman's ax which was to be his end.

My next letter will find me in France.

VII.

“The Pleasant Land of France.”

PARIS, FRANCE.

“The pleasant land of France”—so it is called, and it is well named. It is indeed a beautiful country, the fields tilled like gardens, the roadsides lined with beautiful and shapely trees, the small areas in forest given almost as much attention as our cultivated fields, the houses neat and well kept, the fields dotted with busy and seemingly prosperous workers. The farming districts are a delight to the eye, as well as an unending source of pleasure to any one who delights in intelligent and well-directed industry. The red-tiled roofs of the stone and brick houses, the gold of the harvest fields (for the wheat is just now being harvested), the dark green of the growing crops cultivated alongside, interspersed with slender and stately trees—all this makes a picture whose beauty is entirely unmarred by one gully or galled spot or weedy patch or shackly cabin or “turned out” field.

*Land Cultivated a Thousand Years and Not
“Worn-out.”*

This land I see before me here was probably in cultivation for centuries before the first white

man alarmed the stolid American Indian on his hunting grounds, and has made crops ever since—and yet no one thinks of saying that this French soil is "worn-out" or "needs resting." With intelligent labor and prudent handling this land, a thousand years in use, is still highly productive; in our country unintelligent labor and careless handling have ruined wide areas which have not grown crops one-twentieth as long.

And the main secret? It is here before me now—these great herds of grazing cattle in the fields alongside the growing crops, and these farmers with three-horse teams preparing the land for a new crop, rolling it and preparing it as thoroughly as an American would do for a garden in order that another crop may start to growing as quickly as one is taken off.

I noticed to-day that where the wheat has been harvested a day or two the shocks are piled together on narrow strips here and there and all the land between is already broken for another planting. The land is cultivated in long strips, and there is hardly a foot of soil wasted; the wheat strip adjoins squarely the strip devoted to sugar beets, potatoes, etc., and there is no room for a weed to grow—barely enough for the horses

to turn round between fields. I recall how the Italian immigrants in Mississippi follow out this same idea, and how the neatly hoed ends of their cotton rows contrast with the ragged weed patches of the negro's fields. Here in France you see no clods, no gullies, no weeds, no poor horses and cattle, no scrub hogs, no disgraceful tenant cabins.

A Land of Prosperous Small Farmers.

Hardly anywhere in the world do so many farmers own their own farms as in France—small farms, to be sure, but the intelligent small farmer here with five or ten acres lives far more comfortably than the Southern farmer owning twenty times this area who depends upon shiftless labor or shiftless methods of cultivation. With this letter I am sending an extract from yesterday's Paris edition of the *London Mail*, telling how some French gardeners, taking up a two-acre patch of tough clay in Essex, had sold £1,000 (equal to \$4,860 American money) worth of products up to July 26th, and expect to sell enough more before the end of the year to bring the total to about £1,600 (\$8,000) for the twelve months' sales.

The farms are so small here that it is expensive to have improved machinery, but this difficulty is obviated by co-operative buying: five or six farmers with adjoining tracts will purchase a reaper together, or a harrow, or thresher. The strong, heavily built horses are a delight to the eye, and some oxen are also used. I saw a reaper in the wheat field yesterday drawn by two yoke of oxen.

Women work much in the fields: I saw numbers of them doing all sorts of work yesterday: not in any half-hearted or humdrum fashion, but healthy, intelligent-looking women who work earnestly and cheerily, simply because on these small acres every one must work if the family is to prosper, and because every member of the family takes pride in having a beautiful home and a beautiful farm, as fertile and productive as intelligence and skill can make it.

The strength of France is its millions of contented, prosperous, intelligent small farmers who own their own homes, and who make the entire country a dream of beauty and prosperous activity.

Large areas here are devoted to growing the sugar beet, and its history also illustrates the

possibilities of scientific agriculture. Originally the beet contained so little sugar that its cultivation was barely profitable, but by long years of careful seed selection and plant breeding, the sugar content has been so largely increased that the industry is now one of very considerable proportions. I should be afraid to quote figures from memory, but my impression is that the farmers now get two or four times as much sugar from a ton of beets as their fathers did from the less highly improved varieties they grew fifty years ago.

How Good Roads Help French Industries.

And the roads—they, too, add incalculably to the beauty of the country and to the pleasure of country life. National aid to road building and road improvement, as has been much agitated in America in recent years (notably by Latimer, of South Carolina, Brownlow, of Tennessee, and Bankhead, of Alabama), is an actual working fact here in France, the main lines being built and maintained by the national government, the mileage being 23,656, and \$300,000,000 having been spent in this work to date. Even the local roads are kept in superb condition, and some one re-

cently pointed out the difference between French and American roads by showing that in France one horse is expected to carry a load of 3,300 pounds twenty miles a day over rolling country, while in America one horse would carry only 1,000 to 1,400 pounds.

Artists Working "On a Canvas of Earth and Acres."

And not only are the roads themselves in the splendid condition I have indicated, but every highway is made a thing of beauty by the long lines of tall, uniform, symmetrical shade trees on either hand. These have been carefully planted, of course: all of one variety and equi-distant. The common roads are therefore as beautiful as our city parks, and when you look out upon the varying tints of the growing and ripening crops, and the perfect proportions of each field, it seems as if the very peasants here were artists working out some vision on a canvas of earth and acres instead of on one of fabric and inches. Usually there are no fences between one small farm and another: possibly a hedge, but more often one farmer's last row of potatoes, or a trench at most, is the dividing line between him and his neigh-

bors. As one of my friends wrote me from England two years ago: "There are no loose ends or ragged edges in European farming."

No Lands Wasted or Mistreated.

No one looking at the farming of France can get away from the impression that just as it is a curse to a growing boy to have a fortune that he may spend recklessly, so it has been a curse to America that land has been so plentiful that the farmer has thought it no economic crime to lay waste one acre and then clear up another to take its place. Neither here nor in England would any land-owner think for a moment of renting a piece of land to an ignorant tenant to butcher or maltreat in such fashion as is common in the South. In France, as I have said, most farms are small and operated by their owners—the ideal condition; while in England the tenant is encouraged to improve and beautify his holdings: my recollection is that tenants usually lease for about ten years and are given credit at the end of that time for whatever improvements they have made.

And not only have French farmers wrought out these things in their own land, but they have carried these progressive ideas with them wher-

ever they have gone. If any reader object that they might not do so well in the Cotton States of America, let me remind him of what French colonists and French influence have done in the worn Barbary coast of Africa. It is a matter of casual historical comment that in one or two generations French rule has built up its depleted agriculture and "has restored the fertility and bloom which belonged to it when it was the garden of the Roman world."

A Story Suggested by My Pocketbook.

Of the government of France I must also say a word, and then leave my impressions of Paris for another letter. As everybody knows, France from 1789 to 1871 was in a state of almost unending turmoil. The year first mentioned opens upon one of the most corrupt, extravagant, stiff-necked and irresponsible courts with which any nation has ever been afflicted. The nightmare of the French Revolution, the dictatorship of Napoleon, the restored dynasty of the Bourbons forced upon the people by the conquering nations after Waterloo (1815), the Revolution of 1830 that made Louis Philippe King, the "second Republic" established by the Revolution of 1848,

the “second Empire” that followed four years later, and finally the “third Republic,” which has now endured for about thirty years—this is a suggestion of the kaleidoscopic changes whose details baffle the memory and leave the average reader in hopeless confusion. I have just noticed, for example, that in my purse are three pieces of French money, one bearing the name of “Louis Philippe, King, 1843,” another that of “Napoleon III, Emperor, 1860,” and the third that of the “Republic of France, 1896.” In effect France was for a hundred years a sort of political experiment station, but the present republican government now seems firmly established.

How the French People Are Governed Now.

The President is elected for a term of seven years. The Congress consists of a “House of Deputies” corresponding to our national House of Representatives, chosen by manhood suffrage for four years; the Senators, like ours, hold for six years, and are elected in practically the same manner. But now come some radical differences between our system and the French system. In the first place, the President has no such power as the President of the United States. Like the

King of England, he is little more than a figure-head, and the real executive work is done through a cabinet or ministry. The President nominates the ministers but they cannot act until the House of Deputies accepts them, and in a crisis the House can force the President to resign by refusing to accept his ministers at all. Moreover, the ministry itself must resign when the House of Deputies refuses to support the ministers' measures, so that the real governing power of France is the House elected direct by manhood suffrage. It is much as if our national House of Representatives in America could compel the President or his cabinet to resign by refusing to support their policies. This, of course, means a government more quickly responsive to public opinion: if the United States were governed by the French plan, the election of a Democratic House of Representatives in November would put that party in virtual control of the entire government at once.

The dominant party in France now is what is called the Radical-Socialist, though it is by no means so extreme as the name sounds. There is another party (the “Extreme Socialists,” I believe they are called) who stand more nearly for

the doctrines of American socialism. The policy of the present government looks only to public ownership of what we call "natural monopolies"—railways, street car systems, municipal lighting plants, etc. The people already own the telegraph and telephone, and plans are now on foot looking to the purchase of the great Western Railway by the government, as a start in the direction of general government ownership.

VIII.

Napoleon's Tomb and Versailles.

PARIS, FRANCE.

He was not a young man swept off his feet by youthful enthusiasm: he was a man upon whose head were the snows of more than three-score winters but whose mind is as active as ever, and he was talking to me last spring of his trip to Europe, and especially of the magnificent mausoleum which the French people have erected as the last resting place of Napoleon Bonaparte.

“By heaven,” he exclaimed, “it was worth the trip across the Atlantic to stand at the tomb of that colossal man!”

At the Tomb of Napoleon.

I am now almost prepared to agree with him: certainly I have seen nothing more impressive since I left America. The splendid structure, beautiful and airy as a palace, built entirely of white marble and surmounted by a gilded dome, itself challenges interest and admiration; but it is only when we enter the spacious chapel that the sublimity of the builder’s conception dawns upon us. Here is solemnity unmarred by any

suggestion of the funereal: the majesty of death without any trace of its gruesomeness. Massive bronze doors guard the entrance to where the body rests in the immense sarcophagus, and by the side of the doors are two kingly statues bearing in their hands the symbols of earthly power and dominion, the one the globe and the sword, the other the crown and the sceptre. On either side stained glass windows such as I have seen nowhere else in the world let in the light in a golden flood, suggesting the beauty and the calm of an unending sunset. Above you are the words from Napoleon's will, written in exile in distant St. Helena: "I desire that my body shall rest on the banks of the Seine, and among the French people whom I have loved so well." There is pathos unspeakable about the words and about the tragedy which they call to mind. Once he could have willed kingdoms and crowns; the proudest thrones of Europe had been at his disposal, and he had given sceptres to his brothers and his favorites as if crowns were but the baubles of an hour. Now the Napoleon who makes his last testament sees Death, the con-

queror of conquerors, coming as a welcome relief, and the great warrior who—

“once trod the ways of glory
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,”

can will little but his body itself, and can not know that even this request for a burial place will be granted. Weary and heartsick, broken with the storms of state, how it would have rejoiced his heart could he have known with what honor his ashes would finally be entombed in his loved Paris and how here for ages to come travelers from every corner of the earth would pause to pay tribute to one of the mightiest men who ever walked this globe of ours.

The Threefold Character of Napoleon's Appeal to Us.

The fame of Napoleon is the surer because of the threefold character of his appeal to human interest—the romance of his rise, the epic of his achievement, the tragedy of his fall: each in itself sublime. Born of humble parents and upon a narrow island, his imperial mind and will won him place after place until his became the mightiest name in a thousand years of history. Power such as the Cæsars had not known was his, and

when he walked into the church of St. Denis here to wed the daughter of a king, he might have dreamed, not without warrant, of becoming the master of all Europe.

He had great faults, I grant, but in character few of our chiefest warrior-rulers stand above him; and so long as the minds of men are stirred by mighty deeds wrought in spite of frowning Circumstance, and so long as men's hearts are moved by the tragedy of a great man's fall, just so long will the blood quicken when Napoleon's name is mentioned, and just so long will men make pilgrimage here, as I have done, to Notre Dame where he was crowned, to St. Denis where he married, to the mausoleum where he is buried, and to the Museum of History where so many relics, both of his noonday glory and of his twilight in lonely St. Helena, are shown to interested thousands.

Of so much interest is the career of Napoleon, and I have seen so many traces of his footsteps here—some of his letters, his coronation robes, his bedroom and reception rooms at Versailles, the unpromising-looking rooms overlooking the Seine where he lodged before he became famous, his chair and bench and camp bed from St.

Helena, and his sword, saddle, hat and his famous war coat—that it is hard not to give an entire article to this one subject; but I must hurry on, for Paris is full of historic and notable spots, and I am trying to tell in a letter what should be told in a book.

In the Royal Palace of Versailles.

Our first full day in Paris was spent at Versailles, where the French Kings once lived in shameless extravagance and unconcern, and where a corrupt and profligate court once piled up wrath against the day of wrath, until the storm broke in blood and fury upon them some six-score years ago. For long, long decades had the weary peasants of France toiled from year's end to year's end only to see King and priest and noble seize the lion's share of their hard-won harvests, government and church all the while growing more haughty and corrupt, and the burdened peasant's lot harder and more hopeless. Stolid and spiritless perhaps this peasant seemed to the proud nobles who lived upon his labors and despised him, who felt that neither he nor his family had any rights that they were bound to respect; and yet an Edwin Markham would have

seen in this oppressed and clouted figure the portent and prophecy of the coming revolution.

"O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?"

Let us go, then, to Versailles to-day and see where the French Babylon once reared its lofty head, where women as vile as they were beautiful once ruled the court of France, and where the peasant's hard-earned taxes were wasted in vice and gambling and display. Here before us now is the gorgeous bed upon which Louis XIV, "the Grand Monarch," died in 1715, and we may well wonder if in death the avenging angel did not whisper to him of the impending doom which his folly had done so much to insure; or if neither he nor his yet more worthless successor, Louis XV (who died in the room to our left), did not once stumble upon a hearing or reading of that passage wherein we are told that the cries of the defrauded laborer have "entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth," and—

"Your riches are corrupted and your garments are

moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."

The Lesson of the Ancient Court.

We may not know whether or not this fearful warning ever came to the ears of the pleasure-loving court that once flitted through the royal palace of Versailles, but the record of these historic walls only affords fresh proof that the Apostle's language is sound political as well as religious doctrine. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small. The avenging Nemesis of nations never sleeps; the relentless rectitude of Nature never fails. On heedless ears too often falls the phrase, "The wages of sin is death," and yet all human history, even more loudly than the Book of Books itself, proclaims the truth of this everlasting doctrine. To-day "careless seems the Great Avenger" as we look upon Versailles, and with our mind's eye people it again with those lordly figures who "have lived in pleasure on the earth and been wanton, who have condemned and killed the just"; but yonder in the distance looms the Place la Concorde where with our mind's eye we see the bloody guillotine, and the heads of King and Queen and nobles required in this final settle-

ment with long delayed and patient Justice. The debt of the ages is settled. Those who have sown the wind have reaped the whirlwind—or alas! in too many cases, not they themselves, but their children and children's children.

The Relentless Rectitude of Nature.

This is the tragedy of life—that Nature, itself immortal, reckons not of man's mortality. Your father owed a debt and died having enjoyed but not having settled: and you, standing in his place, must pay. Your father, through sin and crime, made grievous debt to Nature, and his children, with meaner souls and diseased bodies, must pay the price. And even so one generation of citizens permits injustice, fosters evil,—whether by indifference or by vicious intent, it matters not—and the next generation must pay the price in war and riot and revolution. Our Revolutionary fathers in America, North and South, tempted of Mammon, permitted and encouraged the sin of human slavery; our fathers a generation ago, from North and South, paid the awful price in peace and blood and treasure. The French nobility for centuries ground the faces of the poor, violated their homes, robbed them of the fruits

of their labor, until the French Revolution, the hideous progeny of their long, long years of evil, came forth in the fullness of time to plague their children and to stand forever as one of the most fearful epochs in human history. Read Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" and the story of the prisoner in the Bastille (Dr. Manette, I think, is the name) and you will wonder how any one could have expected any other harvest from such a sowing.

For the excesses of the Revolution I have no excuse; no one is further than I from wishing to palliate its own shameful crimes. But no one who knows history can stand to-day at Versailles and think of its corrupt court, the symbol of wrong and oppression, and then stand to-morrow at the Place la Concorde and think of the hundreds of nobles whose lives the infuriated populace here required, and not see that the one follows the other as inevitably as the night the day.

With nations as with individuals, it is the weary round of history: to-day you make the debt, to-morrow you must pay the price. Whatsoever man or nation soweth that also shall man or nation reap.

IX.

A Land Where Everybody Works.

COLOGNE, GERMANY.

In the letter just preceding my last, I had much to say concerning the excellence of French farming, but I have since seen an even more highly developed system of agriculture than that I found in France. There is perhaps no more careful farming anywhere on earth than in the little countries of Belgium and Holland through which I have now been traveling for some days, while in Germany, which I have just reached, the land appears to be little less fruitful.

Neither Belgium nor Holland is more than one-fifth the size of an average Southern State, yet each supports a population three times as large. If either North Carolina or Mississippi were as thickly settled as Belgium, the population would be about 30,000,000, or one-third that of the entire United States. Belgium is also remarkable as showing what a high degree of fertility has been developed in what was originally a poor sandy soil—this having been so carefully built up by skillful cultivation that this little kingdom—no larger than a dozen good-sized counties—pro-

duced on its small arable area last year more than 15,000,000 bushels of wheat, besides an enormous production of truck, vegetables, and feeding crops.

The Kingly Horses of Belgium and Holland.

And the horses, the magnificent horses: they are themselves worth coming across the ocean to see! If I had wanted anything else to convince me of the necessity of fighting for better work-horses in the South, this trip to Europe would have supplied it. Do you remember that picture we had on our first page about six weeks ago, "The Sort of Work-Horses Western Farmers Use," showing four big, muscular, magnificent-looking horses ready to hitch to the harrow? The picture must have impressed you, for we don't often see such big, strong fellows in the Cotton Belt. Well, anyhow, it is horses such as these that you see on European farms, and it is with them that the farmers here break and cultivate the land with such thoroughness as to produce the splendid crops I have seen growing everywhere I have yet been.

As for the draft horses in the cities, they have been the admiration of our entire party. Col-

lege professors, college girls, lawyers—everybody has paid the Dutch and Belgian horses tributes of interest, inspection and praise such as even the masterpieces of art in the great galleries here have not always called forth. “Why, they look as big as Barnum’s elephants,” was the not unjustifiable declaration of a young lady as the great Percherons passed by us. Kingly horses, bearing themselves as if conscious of royal blood, strong as lions, but thoroughly gentle, beautiful in form, hauling gigantic loads on wagons which when empty would alone make good loads for the miserable looking dray-horses belabored by negro drivers in our Southern towns—and doing it all with such wonderful ease and with such majestic and rhythmical movements that it is a positive pleasure just to watch them for an hour at a time.

“I Haven’t Seen a Horse’s Ribs in Europe!”

Over here in Europe the farmers believe in three things: (1) *Good stock*; (2) *plenty of it*; (3) *good care of it*. The only exception I would make to this last statement is the cow. It rather goes against the grain with me to see cows hitched to carts like oxen, as is commonly done in

many European countries, especially Germany; but even these cows, I must say, seem sleek, well fed and in good spirits. I haven't seen a horse's ribs nor a cow's since I have been in Europe: the European won't have poor stock. Neither have I seen a mule—and this reminds me to say that of course there are no negroes, except a few negro tourists.

Before passing to any other question, however, let me correct any impression that the cow is discriminated against over here in that she must often pull carts or plows, and so assist in making and harvesting the crops. *In Europe everything works.* That is why these countries support ten to twenty times the population supported by similar areas in America. Even the dogs are pressed into service, and little carts drawn by one, two or three big dogs are common sights in Amsterdam, Antwerp and Brussels.

The Two Secrets of German and Dutch Prosperity.

The dogs work, the cows work, the wind works—everybody works, including father, and the very breezes that pass across the country are caught, like Kansas tramps in harvest time,

harnessed to thousands of Dutch wind-mills, and set to work to grind the wheat, cut the wood, and drain the swamps. In Germany even the King and the King's son must learn a trade, and the secret of the prosperity of all these crowded, overflowing countries, in my opinion, lies in two things:

- (1) *An intelligent population, with their natural intelligence trained and sharpened by education.*
- (2) *No man or woman thinks of any task that comes to hand as being beneath him or her.*

Time and again on this trip have I seen hotel proprietors or managers, men of education, intelligence and refinement, come into kitchen or dining room in case of a rush and assist in waiting on the table as if it were the most natural thing in the world. And this is but an illustration of the general attitude here toward all work. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" was good doctrine in Solomon's time, and it is good doctrine for Europe, the Cotton States, or for any other part of the world to-day. Dr. Walter H. Page never said a truer thing than when he declared, "It is better to make good split-bottom chairs than it is to be an unproductive 'prominent citizen.' "

To do work badly degrades it: that is the trouble with us in the South. Our old slaveholding aristocracy set the ignorant new-caught African savage to doing work for them, and he worked so badly that they began to think it discreditable to be a worker at all. What I have seen in Europe thus far has only deepened and confirmed the conviction which travel and observation in the South from Virginia to Texas had already developed in my mind, namely, that lack of intelligence or education on the part of any considerable part of its population is a millstone about the neck of any community.

Without Intelligent Labor No Nation Can Prosper.

There is no task under heaven which an intelligent man can not do better *and more cheaply* than an unintelligent man; there is no work under heaven which can not be done better *and more cheaply* by educated labor than by uneducated. There is no other way given among men whereby a nation can achieve greatness than by training, developing and educating its people, its common people. Every live, forceful nation in Europe to-day bears witness to this truth: in them you see

even the cab drivers reading the daily papers with the same intelligent interest with which merchants and lawyers seem to read them in America, and even the peasants here in their plain clothes go to see the great masterpieces of art, as some of them were doing when I stood with them in Amsterdam to admire Rembrandt's most famous pictures.

Take Germany, with her magnificent system of industrial schools, the best in the world, and her industrious and prosperous people who have sent articles with the brand "Made in Germany" into every quarter of the globe, then contrast this strong and powerful nation and her skilled and educated workers with degenerate Spain, where free thought has been stifled for centuries and education neglected. In Spain you find the real "Man With the Hoe" whom Markham depicted in his matchless poem: hopeless workers, "brothers to the ox," who cultivate narrow patches without horses, breaking the land by digging it up with short-handled, back-breaking, mattock-like grubbing hoes; and the land going to waste for lack of intelligent attention. Spain (with more than half her people illiterate) bankrupt, poverty-stricken, despised; Germany (with her

magnificent trade schools and general system of education) progressing more rapidly this last generation than possibly any other nation in the world, if due allowance be made for the difference in natural resources between Germany and America during this period!

Small wonder that when Germany whipped dumbfounded France with such astounding celerity in 1870, France proceeded to make inquiry as to the secret of Germany's wonderful strength—and at once adopted the German idea of thorough and compulsory public education for all her own people; the effects of which are now also seen in the unexampled prosperity of France, whose people have become the richest in all Europe.

German Education is Practical.

Education in Germany has been made to train for actual life and work: that is the secret, and it is a lesson which we in the South can not take too seriously to heart. If German authorities had been in charge of Southern education, we should have had splendidly equipped agricultural high schools in every county or Congressional district long before this, and the elements of agriculture and domestic science would be taught in every

rural school, whether elementary school or academy.

To me it is positively heart-sickening to go out into the academies in our country districts in the South and see girls who are going to be farmers' wives struggling with the conjugation of Latin verbs while they learn never a thing about the chemistry of bread-making and do not even know under what conditions a meat should be put into the water after it is boiling and under what conditions it should be put in while the water is cold. Their husbands and children will have their lives saddened and shortened by indigestion and improper nutrition; but of course it would be undignified and therefore unthinkable for sweet college girls to learn anything about cooking!

And the boys who are going to be farmers—they are also studying Cæsar and "latitude and longitude" and "the metric system of weights and measures" while they learn nothing whatever of how to compound a feeding ration so as to get milk or butter cheapest, and nothing whatever of soil fertility and its management, by which the \$60,000,000 a year spent by farmers in Georgia and adjoining States might be largely saved! But of course that, too, would be undignified,

and it might shock your professor if you were to bring the matter to his attention.

One Stupendous Fallacy We Must Put Forever Behind Us.

The whole tragic system is an outgrowth of our idea that labor is degrading, and this is the fallacy we must put forever behind us before we can ever measure up to our opportunities. When man had once fallen, had once eaten the forbidden fruit, the only way the Lord Himself could find to keep him from going utterly to the Devil was to put him to work; and it is high time for us to come to see that corn roots and cotton roots are just as honorable and legitimate subjects of interest and mental development as Greek roots and Latin roots.

Take my own case now in connection with this very European trip: When I was in a country school I spent considerable time studying about English money, but when I reached Scotland the other week I didn't know the worth of a shilling nor how many pence it takes to make one. I also spent some time as a farm boy studying the metric system of weights and measures, but now that I have reached a metric system country at

last, I have no idea in the world as to how much a kilometer is.

All this information perished with the learning—even for me, although I have made a trip to Europe as not one schoolboy in a thousand ever grows up to do. It would have been knowledge that would have stayed with me, knowledge that would have been put to interest in all the life around me, if I had learned in the school about the laws of plant and animal life, about how to compound feeding rations and fertilizer formulas, about the breeds and types of horses, hogs and cattle, etc., and this practical and useful knowledge (as no sane man can deny) would have been just as useful to me in mental training as were the miscellaneous masses of foreign, lifeless and useless information which were thrust upon me.

Let's Learn a Lesson From Germany.

It is the same way with the education of our girls. A young woman—and an unusually intelligent young woman, too,—who was with me in Paris the other day, had spent four years studying French at one of our Southern colleges, and yet in the five or six years time since then she had forgotten the language so completely that she

couldn't even bargain with the cabman about our trip to St. Denis Church. And she studied chemistry, too,—though to make this practical and apply the principles of chemistry to cooking in our girls' schools is, of course, out of the question.

France was wise enough when Germany licked her, and when she saw Germany beating the world in industrial skill, to wake up and adopt the German idea of education for her own—compulsory education, universal education, industrial education. The South, I repeat, should take the same lesson to heart. We are largely of the same stock as the Germans—nothing on my trip has impressed me more forcibly than the striking resemblance of the men and women in a German crowd to those in an American crowd—and the same policies of practical education and training which have made the German people prosperous and powerful will work a like revolution in the South.

Let us set ourselves to the task.

X.

Wise Economies America Should Learn From Europe.

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY.

There are so many beautiful and notable places in Europe that I could give all my time in these letters to mere descriptions of interesting towns, cathedrals, public buildings, rivers, mountains, etc., if I were so inclined, and if other writers had not already written of them in far more entertaining fashion than I could hope to do. But until our people come to a greater appreciation of the beautiful that is at our own doors in America, I do not think it worth my while to take up space in extensive descriptions of Europe's far-away glories.

Besides, it is the common beauties round about us that are most worthy of our attention anyhow. Every fair day the sunset paints a picture for you more splendid and inspiring than any artist has ever yet been able to put upon canvas. Every night the heavens "declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork" to a greater degree than any other natural scenery in the world. I like that story

of the old Scotchman who went up the little mountain peak every morning to see the sun rise and "to take off his hat to the glory of the world," as he expressed it. "The meanest flower that blows" has interest and meaning, and for every person who loves the true and the beautiful—

"Earth's crammed with Heaven
And every common bush afire with God."

America Wasting Opportunities for Beauty.

If our farms were only as carefully tilled, if our farmhouses were only as tastefully built and painted, if there were the same wealth of shrub and vine and flower about them, and if we could do away with ramshackle cabins and scrubby, ill-fed stock (and put in about five times as much good stock instead) America would be as beautiful as Europe.

The women of the South can not do better than to join hands, all of them, in a crusade for more beautiful homes, more beautiful school-houses and grounds, more beautiful towns and cities. Wherever villages are starting, let them begin in time to lay off broad streets and parks, and let young trees be set out even on avenues where no one may live for twenty years to come;

and on our farms, of course, there is no excuse for not having all the glory that tree, shrub, vine, flower and grasses can bring to a dwelling place. And here there comes to my mind a picture of the beautiful roads in France, lined with tall Lombardy poplars waving in the breeze, and especially the memory of a humble village out of which for a mile runs one long magnificent avenue of such trees—an avenue which strikes the traveler as being little less than a masterpiece of art, giving a glory and distinction to the town such as once seen can never be forgotten. And yet almost any Southern village—any farm roadside for that matter—might have such a vision of beauty within a comparatively short time if the proper trees were planted now.

The trouble is that America is wasting opportunities for beauty just as it is wasting its opportunities for a thousand other things. Before I left New York I wrote that I was coming back to "our old home," back to the old homestead from which we Americans went out to seek better fortunes in a new world; and in coming back to the ancestral dwelling place nothing has impressed me more than the fact that we, too, are playing the prodigal son and wasting our substance in

riotous living. The wastes of America would make Europe rich. It is well indeed that the Governors of all the States and the country's leading thinkers and scientists are at last meeting and planning together in "Conferences for the Conservation of Our Natural Resources."

No Gullied Land in Germany.

I saw more gullied, wasted, desolated, heart-sickening land in fifteen minutes time between Birmingham and Memphis last April than I have seen in a thousand miles of European travel up to this time. The steep banks of the river Rhine are as carefully cultivated as a garden. Rock terrace after rock terrace has been built above you to keep the land from washing. I recall counting at one place thirteen distinct rows of stone terraces on one hillside, and on others there were an even larger number. It is on such land that the famous Rhine vineyards are cultivated—on land often so steep that a horse can not walk over it, and all the work must be done by hand. And in Germany, as well as in Belgium, France and Holland, great numbers of cattle are grown, and the land carefully enriched with the manure. Mr. R. H. Battle was telling me only a short

time before I left home of a German tenant he had some years ago. "The man wanted to put everything back on the land," said Mr. Battle; "his sole idea seemed to be to build it up and enrich it." And this feeling was so different from the usual land-skimming ideas of Southern tenants that Mr. Battle was naturally amazed. The legumes are largely raised here, too—alfalfa and the clovers; and almost every field bears evidence of a systematic rotation of crops.

How the Forests Are Cared For.

Then take the forests. Over here their owners have come to see what we in America have not yet come to understand, namely, that the timber crop is a crop just as surely as corn or cotton, even if it does take years instead of months for it to reach the harvesting stage. And the government over here, moreover, realized long ago the importance of forest preservation, while our Congressmen in Washington continue to kill the bills that would preserve the wealth of our great Appalachian and White Mountain timber lands. In Germany such areas are under strict government supervision. Lumbermen are not permitted to waste the timber, but are allowed to cut only so much a year and of trees of the prescribed size;

and there are also strict regulations about re-foresting. And if there are those who object to the expense of maintaining such supervision, let me remind them that it is the experience of Germany that the saving through the prevention of forest fires alone far more than pays every expense incurred in this notable and fruitful work. It is interesting to go through the woods and see how the trees of the right size have been marked, cut, and carried out without one-tenth the damage to other timber an average American lumberman would inflict.

Saving a Country's Best Resources.

Not only are the resources of land and forest thus carefully conserved, but the greatest resources of any nation—the minds of its people—are trained and developed, as I set forth in my last letter, by a splendid scheme of public education, universal, industrial and even compulsory. More early here than in America, too, was the folly of grinding out the lives and stunting the bodies of children in factory work recognized and remedied. It has been only a few years since the great State of South Carolina officially advertised its own shame by publishing as an inducement for

capital and for immigration that it had no laws regulating hours of labor or ages for employment, while wiser England more than sixty years ago saw the folly of ruining its future citizenship and adopted a general ten-hour policy in her factories—providing, too, for a rigid system of factory inspection, the absence of which has made many a so-called child labor law in the South a snare and a delusion.

The actual saving of human life itself also has far more attention here than in America. I should be afraid to quote figures from memory, but I know that in the matter of railroad wrecks, for example, the American lines, in proportion to traffic handled, kill and wound a fearfully and shockingly larger number of passengers and employees. European superiority here is partly due to the use of a better signal and checking service, thereby preventing many collisions; partly to the general absence of level crossings, the railroad tracks going either under or over the public road, and partly to the tracks being freed from pedestrians by protecting hedges or fences.

One other illustration of the greater care of life and property over here, and I am done with that division of my subject. I refer to the better

regulations for fire prevention in towns and cities—stricter rules in regard to the erection of buildings, etc., etc. Only this week an English authority has published the exact figures regarding comparative fire losses in Europe and America for a series of years, showing the per capita loss in America to be more than nine times as great as here.

All these things, together with other facts that I have already given with regard to agriculture, and might give with regard to other things, are enough, I submit, to warrant my conclusions, first, that we Americans, going from this old European home to the far, strange land of America, have literally played the part of the prodigal son of the parable; and, second, that Europe would make itself rich on what America wastes.

The Torrens System a Working Success.

And as an afterthought, I think it not out of place to mention here a matter whose importance is too little recognized in America—our wasteful, antiquated, and utterly unscientific method of registering land titles. In Prussia a very much better system prevails and in large parts of the

British Empire the Torrens System, which is the nearest ideal yet conceived, is widely in force, and greatly to the benefit of everybody and everything, except, possibly, a few jack-leg lawyers who must depend upon patronage of this sort for support. With us every time a piece of real estate is transferred, or a loan is made on it, a lawyer must be paid to investigate the title—he going to the court-house and searching through musty records of wills and deeds for generations back, and every time the land changes hands the same dreary, expensive and increasingly difficult task must be repeated: the same identical work repeated time after time to no good purpose whatever. By the Torrens System the State once for all makes a thorough investigation of title, registers it in prescribed fashion, and guarantees the title, a small percentage-fraction tax from each purchaser sufficing to create a fund large enough for the State to reimburse the purchaser in the rare case of a mistake. By this system farmers are enabled to borrow money on land and to make transfers of land as easily as of cotton mill stock, while the saving to persons buying and selling any kind of real estate is enormous. A lawyer told me a short time ago that he knew of

tracts of land one-fourth of whose total value had been spent in oft-repeated title investigations—a new investigation being required, under our foolish and unscientific system, with each change, or prospective change, of ownership.

A number of American States have wisely adopted the Torrens System by providing for the investigation and registration of title under its provisions every time an estate passes through the courts (this meaning that in one or two generations practically all estates would be registered under the Torrens System with practically no extra expense), but in the South no strong and aggressive champion of the plan has yet appeared save Hon. Eugene C. Massie, of Richmond, Va. It is an excellent platform on which to send some strong man to your Legislature—some man who is not afraid to stand for an important reform, even though through it a thousand or two lawyers of the commoner sort, Othello-like, do find their occupation gone, and are thereby forced into work of some real service to mankind.

XI.

Switzerland—Two Weeks Among Lakes, Peaks, Glaciers, Clouds, and Snows.

BRIGUE, SWITZERLAND.

I think I spoke rather slightingly in my last letter of coming to Europe to see scenery, but that was before I left Germany.

I had not then seen the Schaffhausen Falls of the Rhine, no less beautiful than Niagara, though not so majestic and impressive.

I had not then seen Lucerne, girt about with its beautiful Alpine peaks and nestling beside one of the loveliest and clearest lakes in all the world, from its blue waters rising the sheer walls of massive, heaven-kissing mountains—mountains that tower high above you in a rugged grandeur which contrasts strikingly with the serene beauty of the lake itself.

Majestic Mount Jungfrau and Beautiful Lake Geneva.

I had not then seen titanic Mount Jungfrau, shouldering out the sky with its eternal mantle of snow while the thick clouds gradually unveiled its glories to our eyes: first the great cap breaking out fitfully against the sky far up above

the fleecy cloud-masses, and then more and more of the great giant of mountains coming into view until the whole majestic form, dazzling in the sunlight, awed us with its solemn vastness. There came to mind that passage in the Bible in which Moses asked to see the Almighty's face, and the Lord put him in a cleft in the rock and let but a part of His beauty pass before him, lest the great leader of Israel should be overpowered by viewing too much glory at once: so was majestic Jungfrau gradually unveiled before our eyes.

I had not then seen Lake Geneva, beautiful beyond the power of words to describe, breaking upon our sight, as we came from the tunnel's mouth, like a vision of Paradise. The day was perfect, and but a few long, lazy summer clouds nestled indistinctly against the far horizon, the sheen of the water mingling with them until it was impossible to distinguish where lake ended and sky began, a fairylike sailboat drifting idly on the bosom of the waters completing the scene and making it so ethereal that one seemed to have come at last to the land of the lotus-eaters, the dreamy rest-land where it is always afternoon. Only the Catalina Islands off the coast of California have brought to my vision a scene so little

of the earth, earthy, so charged with the beauty and charm of the fabled isles of Hesperides.

A Belated Process of Creation.

Nor had I then seen the glaciers, those great mills of the gods that do indeed grind slowly but grind exceedingly small: working with the calm patience of eternity, so quietly and with such supreme scorn of man's feverish haste in his little lifetime that long generations of puny men and women came and went before they learned that these titanic ice-rivers actually move at all—these colossal masses, miles in length and in width, that wear down the mountain sides with the relentlessness of Time and gripping the mightiest boulders, either grind them into powder, break them into a thousand fragments, or carry them in a resistless clutch far away from the place where they were found.

It is almost as if I were seeing one of the belated processes of creation, looking as I do upon one of the primal forces of the earth; for it was with such forces that the Almighty Power (only with strength and fury ten thousand times more striking) wrought out the earth in the long ages before He gave man dominion over the finished

work of creation—leveling the mountains, hollowing the sea-beds, and carving out the continents after His pattern.

It is fitting, then, that about these glaciers the clouds of heaven should hover, now revealing and now concealing peak and valley and hillside; now leaving this valley in darkness while the adjoining one is bright with sunshine; clouds now just at our feet, next at our side, next just above us. And amid these surroundings, August as it is, we look down the deep crevasse in the glacier, great cracks in the ice thirty or forty feet in depth, hear the thunder of an occasional avalanche of snow crashing down the mountain-side, and ourselves play snowball with one another! And yet, strange to say, all those wonderful things long promised and predicted to happen “on a cold day in August” do not seem to have come true!

More than this, “Beyond the Alps lies Italy,” and we are resting to-night at Brigue, preparatory to traveling by coach to-morrow across the famous Simplon Pass, landing us at Domodossola in time to see the sun set in an Italian sky.

European scenery *is* worth seeing. I would not say that it is grander than the Rockies, and

for sheer loveliness I have not seen the equal of California, but the Alps have a glory such as few places on earth can equal and such as must forever remain among the choicest memory-treasures of all who have the good fortune to see them.

Switzerland the Purest Democracy in the World.

Nor am I inclined to pass by the Swiss government and people without a word about them, for especially in the form of government is there a striking similarity between Switzerland and the United States. This little mountain country is perhaps, in fact, the purest democracy in the world, the same intense love of freedom that for centuries has made them honor the memory of William Tell with passionate devotion, exhibiting itself in the governmental machinery with which the people work out their wishes. When the Swiss federal constitution was adopted a hundred years ago, the emphasis was left upon State sovereignty (as it seemed to have been left in a large measure in the American Constitution of 1787). Then in 1847 (as in America in 1861) some of the States thought their rights imperiled and seceded, but in Switzerland, as with us, the principle of a strong and effective national gov-

ernment triumphed, and all traces of friction have long since subsided. Be it also said that in both countries constitutional amendments, adopted somewhat by force and irregularity, followed the conclusion of strife.

My purpose, however, is not so much to review Swiss history as to direct attention to the present form of government. Each State has a separate constitution and Legislature as with us; there are upper and lower houses of Congress elected much as we elect ours, but instead of one man as President with almost kingly power as we have, the Swiss Executive consists of a Federal Council of seven members.

How Direct Legislation Works.

It really doesn't matter much, however, what sort of Legislatures or Congress or Council Switzerland has, for with her unique plan of direct legislation all power is immediately in the hands of the people themselves—universal manhood suffrage being in force.

I know it is popular in some quarters to deride the initiative and the referendum on account of their unfamiliar names, popular among some intelligent people to assume ignorance of these very

simple and very effective methods of government; and other people, who get all their opinions second-hand, join in the chatter of opposition like the Banderlog monkeys in Kipling's Jungle Book. As a matter of cold fact and reason, however, direct legislation is nothing more nor less than the logical and inevitable conclusion of the principle of democracy, and must appeal to every man who believes, as I do, that "the remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy."

What then is the Initiative? Nothing more nor less than that the people, without waiting for the aid or consent of any band of politicians or other powers that be, may "initiate" (that is, propose or inaugurate) any measure which they wish voted upon. There are more than three million people in Switzerland—about as many as in two average Southern States—and if 50,000 people join in a petition for any new law it must be submitted to popular vote at the following election.

And the Referendum? This is all there is of it—simply that laws may be "referred" to the people for settlement. All constitutional amendments must be so "referred" to the people for action, and more than this, if any Legislature or

Congress passes a dangerous and unpopular bill, a certain percentage of the people by petition may require that it also be "referred" to popular vote for approval or rejection.

This is direct legislation—the initiative and referendum—and in Switzerland it is working well, both in the separate States and in the national government. Lowell, in his admirable work on "Governments and Parties," correctly pronounces the Swiss Confederation "the most successful democracy in the world," with the most intelligent and contented citizenship and the most economical and efficient government in all Europe. A few weeks ago, while our own Southern States were still agitated over the prohibition question, the Swiss people had up for settlement the question of prohibiting the manufacture and sale of absinthe, an especially dangerous and hurtful intoxicant, the referendum going against the further sale of the drink.

How the Initiative and Referendum Would Help America.

While the principle of direct legislation could not be applied in American national affairs, except upon very momentous questions, there ought

to be some such way by which, for example, the people could make their wishes effective in such matters as the popular election of Senators, while all constitutional amendments, of course, ought to be submitted to popular vote. And in our State and municipal governments there is great room for the expansion of the direct legislation idea. Many a corrupt boss and ringster in our cities, and in some of our rural counties as well, would find himself reduced to the painful necessity of earning a living by honest means, if the people held the whip-hand in government all the time, as they would do if able to take any matter from the hands of an unworthy board of commissioners or aldermen; or if these voters might also at any time force a vote upon any important public reform which the bosses had chosen to ignore or delay.

Several years ago Oregon, after a great fight, led by one determined, resourceful champion (I believe his name is U'Ren), put the principle of direct legislation into her Constitution; and at the State election there two months ago about a dozen important measures were voted on, the system giving entire satisfaction to everybody—except the old bosses. And now Oklahoma, in

our Southland, with a progressiveness that promises well for her future, has followed Oregon and put the initiative and referendum into her permanent State Constitution.

It has long been a matter of regret with me that when Senator Tillman and his followers undertook the remaking of politics and government in South Carolina and the general broadening of democracy in the Palmetto State, they did not set about having the people pass directly upon *measures rather than men*; or, at least, upon measures as more important than men. In almost every case a man represents a variety of attitudes toward a variety of subjects, and the judgment of the people concerning the principles for which he stands is so warped and excited by his personal qualities and by extraneous prejudices and emotions that the expression of democracy through such means is entirely inadequate.

Oklahoma and Oregon are pioneers among States as Switzerland among nations. The same forces that rejected monarchies and set up the incomplete democracies of our time will continue to lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes. Given an intelligent electorate such as are the Swiss with their magnificent school sys-

tem—one of the best in Europe—and direct legislation is the most effective means of promoting public virtue and increasing the efficiency of government as the agent of the people.

XII.

"The Grandeur That Was Rome."

ROME, ITALY.

"Rome!"

How many millions of men and women, how many generations long dead and forgotten, how many tribes and tongues and nations have heard the word—sometimes with terror, sometimes with pride, but always with an interest such as no other name in all history can conjure up—Rome, the Eternal City!

Rome, the Eternal City!

Standing yesterday in the Forum, my mind went back, back, back through nineteen centuries of time—past Washington and Napoleon and Cromwell and Columbus and Luther and Charlemagne and Alaric and Constantine and Nero—until I paused in fatigue at the very day-dawn of the Christian Era itself—and yet, there still was Rome, imperial, unrivaled, the mistress of the world:

"And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed."

"Cæsar Augustus"—one man—commanded; "all the world" obeyed. From the Pillars of

Hercules on the west to the Persian Gulf on the east the marvelous machinery of the Roman government, the greatest that the world had known, was set in motion; and in far-away Palestine Joseph, a carpenter of Nazareth, and his wife answered the summons that all tribes obeyed and went up to Bethlehem at that first of all Christmas-tides.

Thus it was that where my fatigued memory halted—at a date nineteen centuries old—a decree of the Roman Emperor changed the birth-place of the Saviour of Mankind; and Rome was even then hoary with age. Centuries had come and gone, empires had risen and fallen, since her history had emerged from the legendary period of wolf-suckled Romulus and Remus, and of the heroic Horatii and Curatii. The world-old struggle of the masses for equality, the world-old contest between wealth and democracy, had been fought out: a century and a half the plebeians or common people had struggled for equal political rights, for the fair distribution of public lands, for freedom from oppressive taxation, for just laws for the poor and for the debtor. Tribe after tribe and nation after nation had humbled themselves before the Roman

eagles; proud Carthage itself, after a struggle so brave as to win the admiration of the ages, had become a desolate ruin; and even far-away Britain had acknowledged the flag of the all-conquering empire.

It is hard for me to realize, even with all the ruins around me, that I am here where all this world-history was made, here where were the heart and brain of human society from whence went throbbing forth those impulses of government and of intelligence that not only affected all mankind in those long-gone days, but have profoundly influenced all succeeding generations of men. Upon this narrow stage to which I have come the world's mightiest dramas have been acted and the world's mightiest names have won their renown. "The stones in the streets here have heard the footsteps of Cæsar and these walls have echoed the eloquence of Cicero and Antony."

*The Mightiest Man Who Ever Trod This Earth
of Ours.*

Let us look about us for a moment.

The same Cæsar Augustus as whose subject our Lord was born is represented here by more

than one ruinous mass, and traces of the work of his mighty uncle, the immortal Julius, are also here before us. Not only are the outlines of the Basilica Julia, which he had begun, still shown the tourist, but here is the “Temple of Cæsar” on the spot where he erected a new oratorical tribune and from which his own funeral was held—Mark Anthony from the rostrum delivering that incomparably adroit, eloquent and powerful oration which did indeed all but “move the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.”

My mind turns from the funeral scene, however, to the times when Cæsar in the Forum and Capitol here “bestrode this narrow world like a Colossus”—the foremost man of all the earth. I may not go so far as to say with John Fiske that “we ought to be thankful to Cæsar every day that we live,” but the tribute of F. Marion Crawford is perhaps not too high:

“Of all great men who have leaped upon the world as upon an unbroken horse, who have guided it with relentless hands, and ridden it breathless to the goal of glory, Cæsar is the only one who turned the race into the track of civilization and, dying, left mankind a future in the memory of his past. He is the one great man of all without whom it is impossible to imagine history.”

The stones of this Forum, moreover, whisper tales to us that had grown mystic with the glamor of seven centuries of time even when the young Julius Cæsar, two thousand years ago, first felt his blood quicken at their rehearsal.

They show you here the fabled grave of Romulus.

They show you memorials erected in honor of victories in the Punic Wars—that terrible conflict lasting through four generations of men and more than a century of time, in which Rome and Carthage struggled for the mastery of the world, struggled with the fierce knowledge that one or the other must die the death, the contest ending on the part of Rome with something of the cold and remorseless brutality with which a wild beast of the forest wearis out the life of his doomed quarry.

Here runs the Sacred Way over which victorious Roman generals, coming home with captive princes at their chariot wheels, were honored almost as gods, the slave beside them not without reason whispering the monitory words, "Remember, thou art but mortal!"

It is useless, however, for me to attempt to describe even the more notable of the historic Ro-

man ruins. Yonder is the Tarpeian Rock from which the aristocrats flung Marcus Manlius because of his championship of the rights of the people. Sunday I went into the Mamertine Prison in which St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have been confined, and from which St. Paul, brought before Nero a second time, and foreseeing perhaps the martyrdom he is said later to have suffered, wrote his last message to his beloved Timothy:

"For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

The Colosseum and the Martyrs.

We have been, too, to the Colosseum, where 70,000 of the converts and followers of the early Apostles gave their lives for their faith. "The gate of death" through which their mangled corpses were dragged is still shown, and there comes to mind the pen-picture drawn by F. Marion Crawford of the days when before eighty thousand brutal men and women these Christian martyrs were brought forth to be torn by wild beasts—slender girls among them with fair faces, young men who were not afraid to die, grown

men and women leaving children orphaned and friendless, and old men and women with white hair and wrinkled faces: all condemned by monsters who respected neither age nor sex, and all willing to die for the Master whose name they had taken:

"And then the wildest, deadliest howl of all on that day; a handful of men and women in white, and one girl in the midst of them; the clang of an iron gate thrown suddenly open; a rushing and leaping of great lithe bodies of beasts, yellow and black and striped, the sand flying in clouds behind them, a worrying and crushing of flesh and bones. . . . sharp cries, then blood, then silence the wild beasts driven out with brands and red-hot irons step by step, dragging nameless mangled things in their jaws."

It is interesting to speculate as to what percentage of us who call ourselves Christians now would have been willing to die for our faith in the days of that terrible persecution, or how many of us would even have been willing to endure the everyday gibes and insults which the early converts had to bear. Over on the Palatine Hill yesterday our guide told us of a drawing found on the walls there: a caricature of Christ on the cross with the head of an ass for that of Jesus. It was insults such as these that the early Christians had to endure.

The rapid degeneracy of the Church after the fourth century, however, is also suggested as we visit the edifice in which the Emperor Constantine is said to have been baptized. Christianity becoming the religion of the rulers, it became easy and popular as paganism had formerly been.

How the Early Church Degenerated.

"The pagan empire became Christian," as one historian well says, "but the Christian church became, to some degree, imperial and pagan. The gain enormously exceeded the loss; but there did take place, naturally and inevitably, a sweeping change from the earlier Christianity." Christianity became formal as paganism had been; it began persecutions as cruel as paganism had practiced.

"Christian bishops began to adopt the gorgeous ceremonial of the pagan worship. The burning of incense, the laying on of hands, the sprinkling with holy water, the confession of sins to the priest, the processions, the decoration of images, the prostrations before the priest, etc., etc., are all in their origin pagan observances. . . . Christianity having thus become pagan in outward form, gradually lost its inner life. The spirit of Christ no longer inspired it. Popes, enthroned at Rome, were more concerned with politics than with religion; more eager to acquire power than to save souls. The dream of Catholic empire had seized them, and they aspired to

erect anew the throne of the Cæsars. . . . The Pope being thus ambitious, the Church sought wealth, offices, places of influence on every hand. The princes of the Church became as worldly and as arrogant as the princes of the State. They led armies, they built palaces, they lived dissolute lives. Duty was almost a forgotten word."

Going on in degeneracy until the Pope began to sell indulgences in order to pay off the enormous debt incurred in building St. Peter's here, Martin Luther and other leaders of the Reformation aroused all Christendom with a plea for primitive Christian ideals, and started a movement which not only created new sects, but stopped many vicious tendencies in the old organization as well.

Such are some snapshots of Rome and of the history they call up; but this letter is less satisfactory than any other that I have written. I am trying to write of Rome in one article—and one would not have space enough in a dozen books.

Saturday I sail from Naples for home. The next, and probably the last, of my letters from abroad will deal with some further impressions of Rome and some general observations on European as contrasted with American life.

XIII.

What Rome and Pompeii Can Teach Us.

NAPLES, ITALY.

Yesterday we left Rome, and to-day finds me in Naples, but not even the beauty of its "blue Vesuvian bay" and of the surrounding mountains has sufficed to break the spell of the Eternal City. My mind still goes back to the seat of the greatest empire of all history, and to the mighty figures who once trod the ways over which I have walked these last few days. The world may stand a million years, but their deeds will not be forgotten, and the words "July" and "August" will not endure longer than the fame of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, in whose honor these months were named.

What Made the Roman Great.

But what gave Rome its greatness? This is a pertinent inquiry—especially pertinent for us in America who dream dreams of a like leadership among the nations of the earth, and pertinent for us in the South who would have our section contribute its full share to the greatness of our common country. And the answer is one that per-

haps may give us more cause for pause and for thought than for pride.

Unquestionably, more than anything else, the quality that made the Roman great was regard for law. He could make law and obey law; and because he could, he won dominion over ten thousand tribes that lacked this power.

"The merit of the Greek was his individuality; of the Roman, his submission to law. . . . Resolutely the Italian surrendered his own personal will for the sake of freedom, and learned to obey his father that he might know how to obey the State."

More loudly than than about anything else does Rome speak to us in appeal for respect for law, the rock on which she built her greatness—and it is a lesson that we in this day of lynching, night-riding and mob outbreaks shall do well to take to heart.

With his mother's milk indeed did the young Roman imbibe this spirit. He was born into a home in which the father ruled, with affection, of course, but with authority unquestioned over both wife and children. And this authority lasted as long as life itself. A father could refuse even a grown son or daughter the right to buy, sell or acquire any property; all their earnings belonged

to the father, if he chose to take them; and he could imprison or scourge a son without any court or officer having right to interfere; much the same power with regard to the wife being also his.

*How Respect for Law Brought Dominion Over
the Lawless.*

Under such conditions the young Roman, from his very infancy, learned obedience to authority, and he grew up with a regard for law and order that made him the ruler of the world. Master of himself, he became master of every tribe that had not learned the ancient lesson of obedience and restraint; for always the mob must go down before the onslaught of disciplined troops, and always the people who give way to mob rule must surrender to the people who unflinchingly “render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s.” In Rome the ideal citizen was stern Brutus who as judge could sentence his own son to death for violating the law the father had sworn to enforce; and almost the only outbreaks of the mob I recall in Rome were those against rulers who seemed to be taking the law into their own hands or exercising power beyond their authority.

If we forget everything else about Rome, therefore, let us not forget this: *It was regard for law, more than any other one quality, that gave her greatness.*

In other countries and cities in ancient times the poorer folk rose in violence now and then to demand their rights, and then were beaten back only to find their last state worse than their first. But in Rome the plebeians fought their way to independence and to leadership by legal and orderly means, and at length won the coveted prize. Gradually they won citizenship, then limited suffrage, then the right of veto, then the right of legal intermarriage with the patricians, and then the slow abolition of many special privileges long enjoyed only by the aristocrats.

The Greatest Work of Julius Caesar.

There are no nobler figures in history than the Gracchi, the earliest reformers who gave their lives in this long struggle for the rights of the people. The public lands had been gobbled up by the wealthy classes, and as the penalty for their efforts to get a fair distribution, the two brothers in the end gave up their lives. It was Julius Cæsar more than any other man who

finally wrested from the Roman plutocracy its unfair advantages, and in this work he proved himself even greater as a constructive statesman than he was as a conqueror, and won for himself his greatest claim to undying fame and honor. The nobles who had stolen great estates from the public lands had to give way to small farmers under Cæsar's homestead law. Immense slave plantations, crushing out free labor and degrading it, had been the rule, but Cæsar decreed that every landlord should use at least one-third free labor. Finding interest sometimes as high as 48 per cent, Cæsar reduced it to 12 per cent maximum, and also abolished slavery for debt. Finding idle capitalists living on usury, he decreed that they must invest at least one-half their money in real estate, and also that no man should hoard more than \$3,000. Realizing that the burdens of taxation were not equally distributed, he laid heavy customs duties upon articles of luxury imported by the rich. Seeing menace to the empire in provinces governed arbitrarily from Rome, he gave home rule to them all. More than this, Cæsar found Rome with only 450,000 of her people allowed to vote and extended the franchise to over 4,000,000, thus insuring the

permanence of the reforms he had instituted for the benefit of the masses.

How Equity and Tolerance Promoted Roman Supremacy.

And I should say that next to the Roman regard for law, nothing else contributed so much to her greatness as this *growing recognition of the rights of the common man*, and the steady increase of legal checks upon the rapacity of her Rockefellers and Harrimans and Goulds. All Roman history sheds light upon our own public problems, and in so far as they are attempting to curb predatory wealth, Roosevelt in the Republican Party, and Bryan in the Democratic, and Watson in the Populist, in America to-day, are fighting battles as old as the memory of Cæsar.

There is another source of Roman greatness that I should not fail to mention along with her regard for law and her checks upon plutocracy, and that is her *tolerance of all religious sects*—a record marred only by a few bloody years of persecution of the early Christians. No one who travels through Europe and sees how the persecution of the Huguenots enfeebled France, and how the Inquisition gave Spain hopeless dry rot,

and how religious warfare held back Germany for centuries and laid waste many of its fairest provinces—no one seeing all this can fail to appreciate how much her freedom from religious intolerance meant to Roman supremacy. This point cannot be too strongly emphasized.

Good Roads Strengthened the Empire.

And then in the fourth and last place, I would mention as one of the main bulwarks of Roman strength *her magnificent system of public highways*. A few days ago I went out over the world-famous Appian Way, a road built by Appius Claudius in 312 B. C., and over which therefore ten generations had already come and gone when Christ was born. I can not do better here than to quote from a modern historian, referring as he does to this same Appian Way and to the great good roads system of which it was a part:

"Afterward all Italy, and then the growing empire outside Italy, was traversed by a net-work of such roads. Nothing was permitted to obstruct or divert their course. Mountains were tunneled, rivers bridged, marshes spanned by miles of viaducts of masonry. They were smoothly paved with huge slabs, over some two feet of gravel, to the width of eighteen feet, making the best means of communication the world was to see until the time of railroads. They were so carefully con-

structed, too, that their remains, in good condition to-day, still 'mark the lands where Rome has ruled.' Primarily they were designed for military purposes; but of course they facilitated all intercourse and helped to bind Italy together socially."

In the Buried City of Pompeii.

But here I am in Naples, and however reluctant I am to do so, time and space demand that I take my thoughts away from Rome. Naples itself is certainly worthy of a paragraph, its beautiful location and environment having given rise to the popular saying, "See Naples and die." After traversing its foul and squalid streets, however, I am more impressed by the parallel remark of quite a different tenor made by a lady in our party:

"Smell Naples and die."

What has interested me far more than Naples itself is the buried city of Pompeii which I have visited to-day. Pompeii was a town about the size of Raleigh, Columbia, Montgomery or Jackson—20,000 to 30,000 people—and the eruption from Vesuvius that buried it in ashes and destroyed the lives of probably 10,000 people, took place more than eighteen hundred years ago: at a time when men who had seen the Christ

were yet alive and when the old gods—Fortuna, Mercury and Jupiter were yet worshipped here in temples which have only been brought to light again within the last century.

I have seen few more interesting places in all Europe than this piece of artificially preserved antiquity. Of course, Rome is older than Pompeii, but the difference is that the ancient in Rome has had several coatings of the modern super-added, while in Pompeii time has preserved an ancient town for us in its natural colors. There are temples in Rome, for example, in which the old Græco-Roman gods were once worshipped, but for centuries now they have acknowledged the supremacy of Christianity, while in Pompeii here the last services held were by men and women who knew nothing of the true God and to whom Christianity was a new and contemptible doctrine, its founder executed like a common criminal within the lifetime of many who scorned it.

The Most Striking Lesson of Pompeian Life.

But what impressed me most about Pompeii was just this: *That people of wealth lived in as much comfort and luxury then as now; it is only*

the common man, the poor man, whom the eighteen centuries since have helped. Go into the spacious palaces along the main streets of Pompeii, with their wide halls, magnificent mural paintings, beautiful courts, elegant bathrooms, banquet halls and parlors, and you will realize that not even on Fifth Avenue to-day do our millionaires live in greater comfort than did the "four hundred" of ancient Pompeii.

The progress of civilization these last eighteen hundred years therefore has done little to raise the standard of living and comfort for the exceptional man, but what it has done has been to raise the common man immeasurably nearer the comforts which only the extremely fortunate then enjoyed.

The great masses of people were then only burden-bearers for the privileged classes; millions of them were slaves, and I saw to-day the figures of many of the slaves (some white, some black) who were burned to death in that awful holocaust centuries ago. Every century since has seen more and more of the common people raised from slavery and poverty to independence and comfort, and in this fact alone we have the keynote

of civilization, the master purpose of all progress, the symphony of the ages.

The Moral Progress of Mankind and Its Explanation.

There is another lesson that my visit to Pompeii has carried home to me, and that is the moral progress of mankind since the destruction of this Italian city. In the gorgeous palaces here—right in the doorways where the most elegant women of Pompeii passed in their social calls and their elaborate social functions—are pictures painted by gifted artists and yet so vulgar that not even the lowest-browed negro in the South would permit them in his home to-day. The foremost citizens of Rome and Pompeii then practiced immoralities and countenanced vulgarities such as our crudest mining towns would not now tolerate; and both in the Colosseum and the palaces of the Roman Emperors themselves I have seen the vomitoriums into which the society leaders of the empire, having eaten to satiety, would retire and disgorge themselves in order to eat again—an example of beastliness that I should hardly have believed possible.

I leave Pompeii then—and Europe, too, for I

sail for home to-morrow—with the thought of how the spirit of Christianity, hampered though it has been by many pagan survivals and a thousand shackling influences of man's device, has nevertheless worked steadily through all these generations, not only for this lifting up of the common man from slavery to manhood and independence, but also for the elevation of the moral standards of the race from the vulgarity and hopelessness of ancient paganism to the purity and aspiration of our modern Christian faith.

From the standpoint of the student of history who once gets a glimpse of how the world lived and thought twenty centuries ago, it is undeniable that in this Faith we have the best heritage that the ages have bequeathed to us, the great guide and anchor that all ancient civilizations lacked, the standard and criterion in default of which they drifted in uncertainty, and the vision in the absence of which they perished.

The Coming Mastery of America.

I shall now refer to one other idea to which I have failed to give sufficient emphasis in my travel letters, and with that I am done. This is my growing conviction of the coming mastery of America. As Mr. H. G. Wells, the English

novelist, declared sometime ago: "It seems to me that in America, by sheer virtue of its size, its traditions, and the habit of initiative in its people, the leadership of progress must ultimately rest." Such a conviction, it seems to me, can not fail to impress itself upon any one who studies the basic elements of national greatness. I do not think that one should be accounted a jingo or braggart when he says that a few generations hence the United States must become an incomparably greater power than England or Germany—or even than England and Germany combined. This seems to me to be foreordained in the very nature of things.

Take our tremendous area, all of it in the North Temperate Zone, as fit a place of human habitation as Europe, and with resources still comparatively virgin in spite of the wastefulness with which we have handled them. The tendency of population is to equalize itself, certainly within the same zones of temperature, and the North Temperate Zone is not only the home of the dominant races of the world, but must remain so because of the small land area in the South Temperate and the unfitness of the other zones for ruling civilizations. The United States, therefore,

being as yet the most sparsely settled great area available for the white races, must ultimately become as populous as Europe. Ultimately, I say, having reference to "the long result of time" and remembering that civilized man is yet very young. The physical earth, they tell us, is millions of years old, and yet our little moment of known human history runs back but a little over six thousand years: sixty centenarians hand in hand starting with us would reach beyond the time of Abraham. All civilization, therefore, has just begun, and as we look forward to "the long, long while the world shall last," and think of the school children who will forget which lived first, Pharaoh or Napoleon, we must recognize that in a comparatively early era in history as the future will know it, the dominant place in the family of nations must be held by our own country.

But our fundamental advantage in land area is by no means our only advantage in the coming struggle for the mastery of the world. Our more democratic society, and more democratic ideals, free from the dead hands of tradition and the paralyzing influence of ancient wrongs, make for a larger life and stronger type of man than Europe as now organized can possibly know. With

us no man must follow the occupation of his father. Abraham Lincoln was not a rail-splitter because his father split rails; and Robert Lincoln is not President of the Nation because his father once guided the ship of state. We have no titled aristocracy to waste the substance of our laborers; no class born to rule without regard to merit or ability. Never before has the world seen a nation dedicated to such ideals of freedom and equality, and it is not strange that your common man in America goes about his daily tasks with a fine enthusiasm such as the Old World worker never knows.

The South's Opportunity.

All these things I repeat, therefore,—our great area of habitable land, our coming supremacy in point of population, our invigorating ideals of freedom and equality, our democratic system of education and of government which frees all talent for human service and leaves the people unshackled by aristocratic interference, our geographical isolation relieving us from the need of a standing army—the Old Man of the Sea of every European nation, and our unity of language and government making commerce and communi-

cation possible without the hampering influences of continually changing tariffs, languages, and monetary systems—all these things make it as plain as anything recorded in the book of destiny that our English critic, Mr. Wells, was right when he declared that “in America the leadership of progress must ultimately rest.”

As sons and daughters of the South, it should be our ambition, the ambition of all Southerners, young and old, simply to see to it that as the scepter of world-power comes to our American nation, not the least influential among the sections of our mighty country shall be our own Southern States.

XIV.

How the South May Win Leadership.

ON BOARD S. S. CRETIC, WHITE STAR LINE.

Europe is now behind me, and for ten days now we have been upon the high seas, going as fast as our mighty engines can carry us on the long, long way from Naples to New York. There are yet three more days of the voyage.

But the trip has not seemed long—all too short, in fact; and there is general regret on shipboard that we are not to be out for a full week longer. Certain it is that few travelers have ever been more favored in the matter of weather than we have been; and the joy of ocean traveling, as everybody knows, depends largely upon the weather.

A Glorious Sea Voyage.

Barring a heavy summer shower while we were anchored at the Azores, we have had only fair days and blue skies, with breeze enough most of the time to make the temperature delightful and sunsets more gorgeous than are ever seen on land, because the most glorious tints are

nearest the horizon and obstructions on land prevent one's seeing these in all their beauty. But it is at night that the spell and charm and mystery of the sea are most potent, and always to artist and poet the thought of the sea suggests the moonlight upon its unresting bosom. Here again we have been peculiarly favored, for the moon was new just before we left Naples and is now at the full, and to sit out at night upon the upper deck with the open sky above you, and the moonlight upon the waves as far as the eye can reach—well, this is almost enough to wring poetry out of a wooden Indian.

Nobody has been seasick, so far as I have observed; and, in fact, our party has come to the conclusion that seasickness is by no means such a terror as it is commonly believed to be. As one of my friends remarked: "Think what a fool I have been! Here I have waited ten years to come across, dreading the ocean voyage, when it is really the finest part of the whole trip!"

And now that both Europe and America are far away—so far away that we can almost doubt the existence of any land at all—it is the best time that I shall ever have perhaps for contrasting the Old World and the New, my purpose being to

see what we of the new countries can learn from our European fatherlands.

The Two Greatest Lessons Europe Teaches Us.

Be it said then, in the beginning, that this trip has made me gladder than ever that I am an American, much as it has taught me of the superior industrial methods of many European peoples. If we learn: (1) *To care for our resources as well as Europe cares for hers, and* (2) *to educate our people as well as Germany educates hers* the time must soon come (as we count time in the lives of nations) when the United States will stand the acknowledged leader among the countries of the world. My ambition is that we of the South, before this achievement is consummated, shall make our section the foremost section of the United States, and therefore the foremost section of what must become the foremost nation of the earth.

It is a high ambition, and yet it does not seem to me too high for us to set up as a working ideal. We belong to a race that has won the mastery of the world, and to the best branches of that race. I have commented in former letters upon the remarkable similarity of the names seen and heard

in English and Southern towns—ten times as many familiar surnames on the business signs in English towns as I should find in New York or Boston—and this is but one evidence of the oft-repeated fact that the purest Anglo-Saxon blood in America is in the South. From masterful races our blood has come; and our citizenship has not been diluted by long decades of immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe. Immensely to the advantage of the South in the long struggle for supremacy must be this fact.

The Spiritual Factor in Racial Greatness.

It must also be to our advantage that more largely perhaps in the Cotton States than in any other section of the world to-day is the old Book of Books accepted as the unquestioned moral and spiritual criterion. Much more strongly Puritan now than even New England itself, the South is learning what New England did not learn in time—how to combine the sterling uprightness of Puritanism with the warmth and beauty of modern culture. To keep the stronger virtues of Puritanism and yet hold on to tolerance and hospitality and joyousness—this is the character which, it seems to me, the South should set itself

to develop as typical of the Southerner; and for the qualities requisite to this consummation the Southern man is noted. That we have generosity, geniality and hospitality is unquestioned; and that an unusual religious instinct is also ours it takes but little observation in other sections to prove. I have traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific in America, and now in most of the leading European countries, and nowhere have I found Sunday observed as it is in the South, the church in such favor, or religion so much a part of the people's lives. It will be well indeed if the Church with us shall recognize its great opportunity, shall lend itself to the occasion, and make itself the mightiest factor in the production of that ideal character of which I have been writing—the character which will combine the unswerving uprightness of the Puritan with the warmth and geniality for which the Southerner is already distinguished.

I mention this matter at some length because the church has an opportunity in the South such as it has hardly anywhere else in the world, and because upon its use of this opportunity depends in a large measure the future rank of our section. It is not sentimentalism, is not a mere pious

generalization, but it is the truth of history that no people can achieve and maintain greatness except by adherence to rigid moral standards. When the old Psalmist said centuries ago, "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord," he was preaching as good politics as religion.

"Knowledge is Power"—And It Is Read of All Men.

There is another thing, as I intimated in the beginning, to which we must give attention, and that is the thorough education of our people. The surest sign of promise for our future in all our recent history is the campaign for better schools which has made such wonderful progress in the South these last ten years. By the time I reached Italy, after traveling in half a dozen other European countries, I had been so much impressed by the way in which education makes itself felt in every line of commerce and industry that I exclaimed: "*A careful observer, with a few years of travel, ought to be able to guess a country's percentage of illiteracy, simply by an hour's ride through the farms or the towns!*"

And this is hardly an exaggeration. The hope of the South is in the education of its people, all

its people. Every ignorant, inefficient man, white or black, in a community makes it poorer, makes everybody in the community poorer ; and if he can not be educated to do good work, he ought to give way to some one who can be so trained. If the South's sons are illiterate, if your sons are illiterate, no other qualities can save them from defeat in the fierce industrial struggle of to-day. Our aim should be to spend still more money on our schools and to make them train more and more for actual life, while the work of experiment stations, farmers' institutes, demonstration workers, farm papers, etc., in educating the older farmers who have passed out of the schools, ought also to have the fullest encouragement a people can give.

America is Too Wasteful.

There is one other thing, moreover, to which we can not give too earnest heed, and that is *the conservation of our natural resources*. I have mentioned this in a previous letter ; but I was reminded of it again yesterday when a distinguished Pennsylvanian on our boat told me of his son's trip to Germany last year as the representative of a leading American industrial institution seek-

ing information as to the methods of its competitors abroad. What the young American found and reported was this: that the American factory had the advantage in nearness and cheapness of raw material, in the thoroughness and efficiency of machinery and equipment, and also in the skill and intelligence of its workmen, and there was but one thing in which the European excelled—economy. The American factory was more wasteful.

Of almost everything the same thing is true. Lands, forests, mines—all are handled with greater care and economy in Europe than in America; and millions of people make a living from industries that our people would laugh at as impossible. In Antwerp I saw the ragged bales of cotton from the South unloaded at the wharves—cotton bought at eight or ten cents a pound; but the ladies of our party tell me that when the lacemakers whom I saw working there get through with it, it brings from \$5 to \$50 a pound. If the South would only utilize its wasted resources and neglected opportunities—well, there would be no limit to our possibilities.

In this connection, I wonder if it has ever occurred to the reader that the eleven Southern

States excluding Texas—that is to say, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Oklahoma—have a larger area than Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland combined, and if these ten Southern States were as thickly settled as those foreign countries, their population would be 160,000,000 instead of 16,000,000? Imagine nine other families added to each and every one family you now know in your neighborhood, and you will get some idea as to the density of population in Europe. You might crowd all the people in the United States to-day into Texas and it would not be so thickly settled as Great Britain.

The Bottom Facts About Immigration.

It is partly because of this European over-crowding, of course, that they have such a constant stream of emigration to America; and in the steerage below me now are hundreds of Southern Italians—men, women and children—reinforced by some scores of others taken on at the Azores Islands: all on their way to crowd the slums of our American cities and to tax the assimilative energies of the American nation. This

is the real trouble about immigration—that it has utterly changed in character these last twenty-five or thirty years. Formerly most of the immigrants came from England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Holland, Norway, Sweden, etc.,—Teutonic peoples largely, whose fusion through intermarriage has produced our strong, forceful American type; and classes whose coming, with our present scarcity of population in the South, would not be to our disadvantage. But for several years past our immigrants have been chiefly Italians, Russians, Hungarians, Poles and other degenerate stocks, not easily assimilable nor easily fired with American ideals. This is the menace in present-day immigration; and what I have seen of the dirty, chattering lot of Italians on the decks below us has not decreased my sense of its seriousness. But I think the South should welcome new-comers of our own stock—Germans, English, Scotch, French, etc.,—certainly in the small numbers that they would come to us under the most favorable circumstances, and especially immigrants from the northwestern section of the United States.

Already this letter has grown too long, and I must bring it to a close, and with it my impres-

sions of Europe. Our ship is even now sailing into the sunset, and not many hours hence I shall be once again beneath the Stars and Stripes—and you can not fail to love “Old Glory” better for having wandered on a foreign strand—and soon thereafter in the thick of things in our Southland, in which alone, of all parts of the earth, can the ardent Southerner find the work of development that seems most worth doing, the tasks that promise most in service to our race and our kin. Even in far-away Europe the South’s call for the service of her sons has been always in my ears, and always my uppermost thought has been to see and to report, not the merely curious or interesting things, but the things from which our people may learn lessons that will help in Southern development.

My Dream of the South’s Awakening.

I have not written therefore, I repeat, of the merely curious objects, nor have I written of the wonders of art and sculpture that I have seen—nothing of Raphael’s work or Titian’s or Murillo’s or Michael Angelo’s, nothing even of the latter’s magnificent statues at the de Medici tombs, though I gave the better part of two afternoons

to enjoying them. I can not describe any of these masterpieces adequately if I should try, and deep as is the impression some of them made upon me, even deeper is the longing for the time when out of our own Southland shall come artists and sculptors and poets—great souls of genius and talent with vision clear enough and feelings sensitive enough to body forth in imperishable form, or in still more truly imperishable song, the romance of our ante-bellum civilization, the tragedy of our Civil War, the epic of our rebuilding, the patient ideals and visions which must yet give us a great future.

A Better Agriculture the Only Foundation Upon Which We Can Build.

And once again would I say that we can not have these finer things without first having the more substantial. Culture in a democracy must be based upon a prosperous and intelligent average man. We can not have the splendors of dome and tower unless we first go down into the earth and lay deep the foundations of our structure. We can not have the American Beauty rose unless we first give attention to the prosaic, everyday earth in which it grows. Sidney Lanier

never said a truer thing than when he declared thirty years ago that—

"One has only to remember, particularly here in America, whatever crop we hope to reap in the future,—whether it be a crop of poems, of paintings, of symphonies, of constitutional safeguards, of virtuous behaviors, of religious exaltation,—we have got to bring it out of the ground with palpable plows and with plain farmer's forethought, in order to see that a vital revolution in the farming economy of the South, if it is actually occurring, is necessarily carrying with it all future Southern polities and Southern relations and Southern art, and that, therefore, such an agricultural change is the one substantial fact upon which any really new South can be predicated."

Europe is behind me. To it belongs the past. America and the South await me. To them belong the future. If some lessons from the European past which I have learned and of which I have written shall contribute in any measure toward making our Southern future more worthy of our people and of their ideals and opportunities, my purpose will have been attained and the keenest pleasure that can come from my trip will have been realized.

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